The Idea of Happiness, By Raoul de Roussy de Sales

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Artistry of Norman Corwin

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By Sigrid Undset
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe

"WESTWARD THE COURSE"
By Paul McGuire
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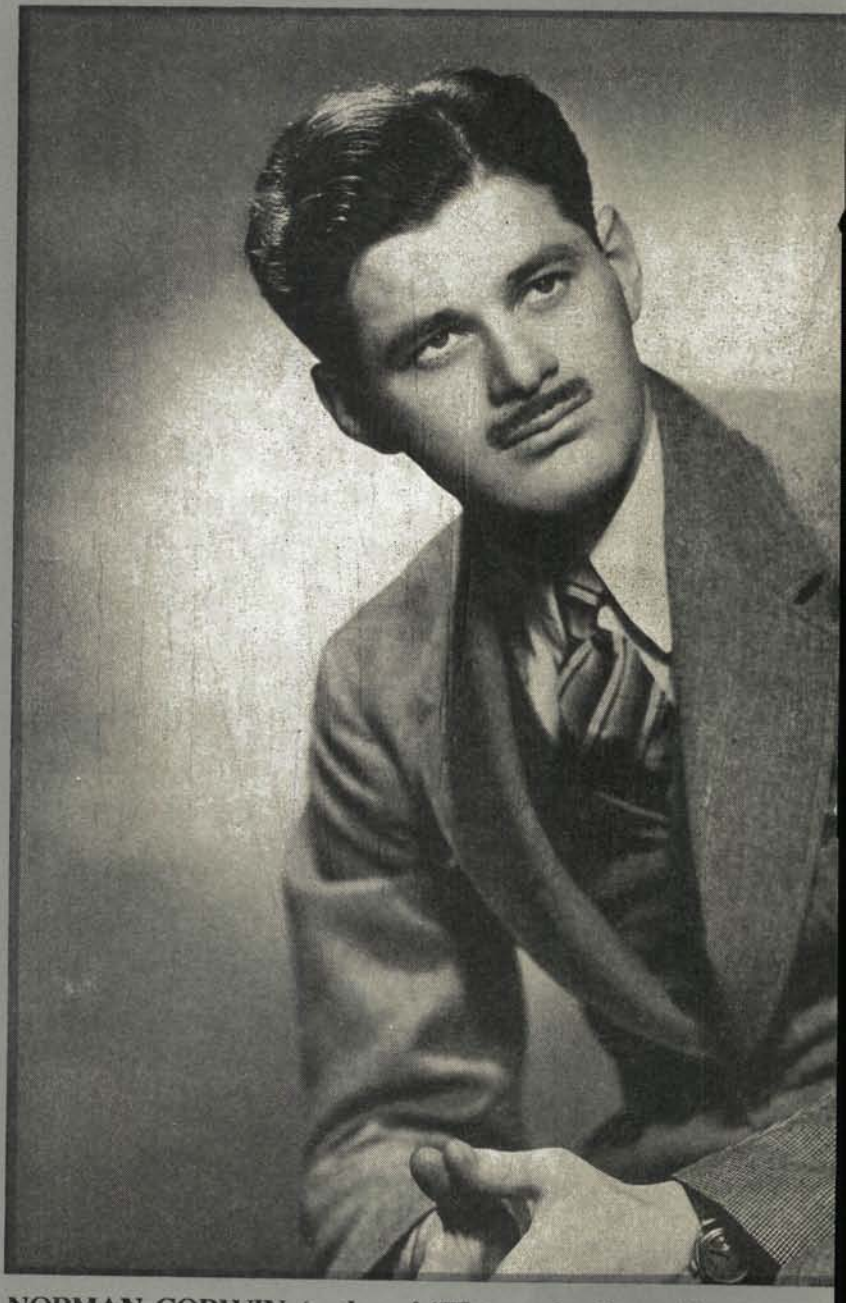

NORMAN CORWIN (author of "Thirteen by Corwin"): Dean of Radio Dramadaptation at thirty-one . . . *(See page 5)*

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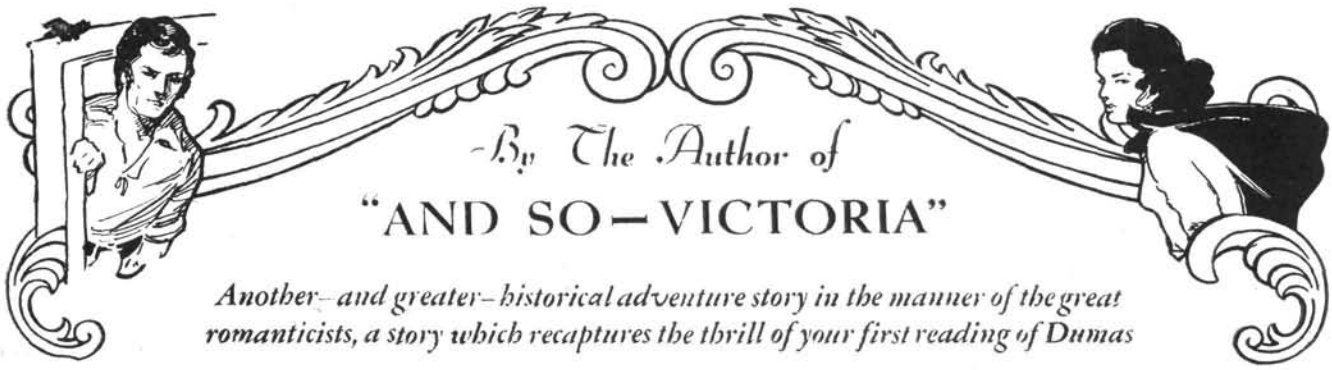

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Idea of Happiness

RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

WHEN the bloodthirsty, sinister, but intellectually superior friend of Robespierre, the revolutionary Saint-Just, said: "The idea of happiness is new in the world," he threw on his own time and on the times to come one of those rare beams of light which, once in a while, seem to illuminate the course of history.

For Saint-Just to speak of happiness as a new idea—he who had sent so many to the guillotine and was to die on it himself at the same time as Robespierre at the age of twenty-seven—may seem paradoxical and even somewhat ironical. But Saint-Just, like all fanatics, had flashes of insight which were totally irrelevant to his actual behavior.

Approximately one hundred and forty years later, another fanatic was to make another remark on the same subject which helps us to appreciate the deep opposition between the French and the German revolutionary. "The era of personal happiness," said Hitler, quoted by Rauschnigg, "is closed."

Thus, without knowing it, Hitler replied to Saint-Just and gave him a denial as to the place of happiness in the world.

It would obviously be stretching the point to attribute to Saint-Just the discovery that the era of happiness was beginning in his time and to honor Hitler with the privilege of deciding that it is now closed. But it is true that the French Revolution did launch through the world the new notion that the aim of life was happiness, and that Hitler is doing his best to make this aim impossible by contending that the aim of life is merely the assertion of power.

As it is always well-nigh impossible to imagine the outlook of life of men living in past centuries, we have difficulty in conceiving today that for our forefathers the notion of happiness was not connected with this earth. Up to two hundred years ago, men placed their hopes in a life hereafter. Such had been the teaching of the Church since the Middle Ages and the pursuit of happiness on this earth was neither conscious nor encouraged. The whole moral outlook of the Western man was indeed based on the fundamental precept that the purpose of life was to deserve a place in Heaven, and that earthly ambition or satisfactions were more of a handicap than an asset to those who, one day, would have to appear before their Creator. Such was the conception of our forefathers, the "Theological Man."

The philosophical evolution that leads up to the eighteenth century and the great break of the French Revolution can naturally be traced back quite far. But the progress of rationalism was slow to penetrate the consciousness of the individuals. When Saint-Just declared that the idea of happiness was new in the world, he merely stated the fact that the reign of the theological man was at an end.

If one keeps in mind this concept of the theological man while reading the literature and memoirs of Western Europe previous to the eighteenth century, one cannot help being struck by the profound repercussions that this difference of point of view between ourselves and our forefathers had on the behavior of the individuals and on their whole conception of the world in which they lived.

For them—and more especially for those living before the Renaissance—

Raoul de Roussy de Sales

the notion of the future was meaningless in terms of progress or happiness. The dogma of the Original Sin permeated all thinking. Man was born wicked and his only hope was for a better life after death. There was no concept that man considered as an individual, or as a succession of generations, could improve his lot on this planet. The future was not associated with any notion of betterment, except in so far as the promise of the advent of the Kingdom of God on this earth would be eventually fulfilled. Men were expecting the end of the world, sometimes in terror, sometimes in hope. They were not expecting that life on earth could ever be anything but miserable. To live was admittedly a punishment.

The Rennaisance modified this pessimistic outlook to a great extent, but did not change the fundamental relation between the theological man and his environment. The discovery of the beauty, wisdom, and science of the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome merely confirmed—on the secular plane—the religious belief in a Paradise Lost. The men of the Renaissance found a new source of inspiration in the revelation that great cultural epochs had preceded them. But their admiration for these epochs, far from inciting them to look toward their own future, merely convinced them that the limit of perfection in art, thought, and knowledge had already been reached, and that they could do no better than to try and imitate and recapture it. With their eyes fixed on the glorious and fabulous mirage of past centuries, they walked backward into the future. If, in so doing, they were themselves equaling, and often surpassing their masters, they were not conscious of it.

Thus the Renaissance and the centuries that followed, in spite of the vast new fields that they opened to the curiosity and speculation of the Western mind, did not affect very rapidly or perceptibly the outlook of the generations of men to whom the notion that humanity as a whole could become *happier* on this earth through its own efforts, was still foreign. No doubt

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such men as Bacon and Descartes perceived that human reason could be utilized not only as an instrument of analysis of what was and what had been, but also as a means of elevating the status of mankind. But it is only in the eighteenth century that the concept of progress, such as we understand it today, became sufficiently clear to influence the course of history. The most important single fact in both the American and French Revolutions is probably the conscious will to create something *new*. For the first time in the history of the West, men deliberately turned toward the future and expressed the faith that the condition of mankind could be improved by human means.

The two Revolutions opened an era in which the whole philosophical nature of the Western man was to change with extreme rapidity and in such a way that nearly all the concepts of the past were to be abandoned. Society, instead of being merely a conglomeration of individuals each intent on his own personal salvation, became the medium through which the material as well as the spiritual welfare of these individuals could be gradually improved.

It is not necessary to dwell here on the various philosophical doctrines and scientific discoveries which, all through the nineteenth century, confirmed the modern man in his belief that he was definitely set on a new road, and that step by step he was advancing toward a better future.

The prestige of science and rational thinking as a means of solving ultimately all human problems was at its height at the end of the last century. The few thinkers who were beginning to doubt the limitless possibilities of science and were reverting to some sort of mysticism, made little impression on the public mind. The tangible and undeniable progress of applied science could only reinforce the popular faith in a philosophy of life, the truth of which every new discovery seemed to verify.

The religion of progress was universal, but nowhere did it find a more complete and harmonious expression than in the United States.

The philosophical and political concepts of the founders of the American republic, inspired as they were by English and French liberalism, adapted themselves perfectly to the expansion and growth of the American people. The whole history of America, in fact, appeared as a practical demonstration that these philosophical concepts were sound. Pioneering and the frontier spirit were the physical manifestations of the new faith of mankind in its own ability to reach happiness—or rather to create it by its own efforts.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; George Dilkes, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Albert R. Erskine, Jr., Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 7, February 14, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

That the pursuit of happiness often translated itself in the crudest kind of materialism cannot be denied. In America as elsewhere the tendency to identify happiness with wealth has been constant. In a nation where success is worshipped as a sign of superiority, and where the current measure of success is neither a title nor any distinctive honor, it is natural that wealth should be adopted as the universal standard of value.

But the remarkable thing is that the American faith in the principles of democracy as a means of distributing happiness to all should have survived the innumerable assaults of piratical groups, who all through American history have attempted to capture power for no other purpose than their own interests.

Many Europeans, from Karl Marx to Hitler, have been deluded by the so-called materialism of the Americans. It seems incomprehensible to them that in a country where there seems often to be only a difference of appreciation between the methods of the robber barons and those of the gangsters, the faith of the people as a whole in the validity of democratic ideals should remain intact. It is a fact that in no other civilized nation—and up to a very recent past—has the power of money given more impunity and caused more injustice than in America. But it is also a fact that in no other nation have these abuses caused less moral damage to the nation as a whole.

The reasons for this phenomenon are complex, but the main one seems to me to be found in the rocklike quality of what has been called the American dream. As long as the Americans believe in progress, in the pursuit of happiness on this earth, in the possibility of improving themselves and the rest of the human race both physically and spiritually by concerted efforts—as long as they believe that democracy, both as a system of government and a philosophy of life, offers them a means of achieving those ends—as long as these political and moral truths are identified with the American nation itself, such "heresies" as the purely materialistic enterprises of some privileged individuals or minorities will be suppressed periodically.

The conviction that man as an individual and as a species can become increasingly happy on this earth is so deeply rooted in the American concept of life that it is not possible to consider any aspect of American activity without being struck by the realization that progress is accepted as a law of nature, as rigid and as unfailing as the law that governs the fall of Newton's apple. The possibility that progress, in the material sense, might not neces-

(*Continued on page* 18)

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The Radio Artistry of Norman Corwin

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

AT thirty-one years of age, Norman Corwin is an old man in radio. The average age for innovation in radio drama seems to be twenty-five—as witness Orson Welles, John Latouche, Irving Reiss, and Arch Oboler. Youthfulness is abundant in radio because of the greater opportunities offered for experiment, and because of the absence of maturity as a criterion.

Reading this collection* of thirteen of Corwin's radio plays, though, the reader will look in vain for those hallmarks of slow artistic development, the sober introspection, the long digested thoughts of others. Corwin did not develop more slowly than the others; he merely got a later start in network radio. Born and raised in the vicinity of Boston, he went into newspaper work after graduating from high school. Some admirers call him a better writer than director, and others a better director than writer, but he calls himself a better journalist than either. And indeed, a close examination of all his plays reveals that his best and most moving efforts have been those built on the documentary, or reportorial, structure.

His early newspaper career took him to Springfield, Mass., where he handled sports and sundry special events. At heart a lover of poetry, and a dabbler in rhyme himself, he became intrigued with the possibilities of radio as a better vehicle for poetry than the printed page, and, shortly after coming to Springfield, made his debut on one of the local stations in a program called "Rhymes and Cadences," which was an attempt to test standard poetical works against musical patterns, and to try to find new ways to heighten the emotional effect of verse on the listener.

In 1937, he came to New York, taking a job in the publicity department of a large movie company. At that comparatively sterile time there was only one radio station in New York available for a continuation of his literary adventures—WQXR, owned by Mr. John V. L. Hogan, himself an experimenter in methods of transmitting symphonica, who was gaining fame with a station catering to the intelligentsia. Corwin's forays into this new field of mobile poetry fitted nicely into the station's program policy, and so, during the winter of '37 and the spring of '38, he carried on with much the same sort of program he had used in Springfield, calling his show "Poetic License." In this feature he drew heavily upon the modern American poets who seem to lend themselves more readily to dramadaptation, to coin a phrase, filling in from time to time with works of his own.

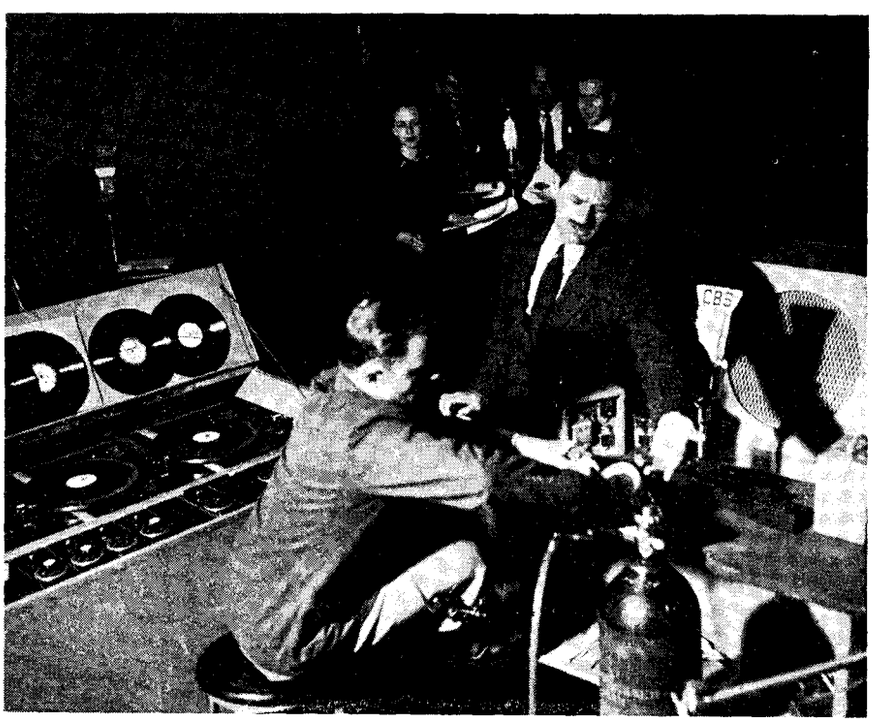
Always, he was less interested in content than in the presentation. A new way to pour old wine has been his constant search, and through that search he has probably contributed as much as any editor or critic towards the popular enjoyment of serious poetry.

He took verse from the printed page where it could be appreciated by only the most literate, and gave it voice, sound effects, music, dialect—in short, all the dramatic effects of true theater. Such effects were imposed upon works like "Spoon River Anthology" and "Leaves of Grass" with surprisingly happy results from both a critical and entertainment point of view.

Despite all this, Corwin was still confined to a small weekly feature on a small, local station. His brother, Emil Corwin, whom Norman describes as his most consistent critic and mentor, was then working in the publicity department of NBC. In his efforts to find a place for Norman in network radio, he finally persuaded the powers-that-be that Norman's little feature would make an interesting act in a then-famous variety show—"The Magic Key of RCA," a weekly hour program done by the Radio Corporation of America. His appearance on that program, although called by *Variety* "something that idea-hungry networks could use," went unnoticed by the program heads of NBC.

But Mr. William Lewis, program vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, unlike the NBC officials, was aware of the trend toward more articulate radio. He noticed Corwin and offered him a job as a director at CBS. After a few months, his first big series went on the air. This program, called "Words without Music," was an adaptation of his earlier efforts on a grander scale. He was given a half hour each Sunday afternoon, money to hire a cast of actors, and a budget to encourage writers to submit material.

The success of this first series and the subsequent awakening of interest in the more literary uses of radio led, a year later, to another, and more ambitious series—"The Pursuit of Happiness." This series was the first in radio given over to cementing morale behind the birthing defense effort. Started in 1940, it began to sing the American song at a time when this country was in the deepest trough of isolationism. On that show John Latouche's "Ballad for Americans" was given its first national hearing, and that fine piece of patriotic balladry



Norman Corwin's CBS Workshop in action.

**THIRTEEN BY CORWIN. Radio plays by Norman Corwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1942. 338 pp. $2.75.*

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rather well defined the mood of the whole series.

By this time Norman was a commodity. He lectured. He wrote poems for *Esquire*. An enthusiastic play producer gave him an advance on an unwritten play. And he had several movie offers. After a short trip to Hollywood where he did the screen play for Elmer Rice's "Two on an Island," he came back East to embark on his largest assignment—a series of twenty-six plays in one full series, titled, simply enough, "Twenty-six by Corwin."

The twenty-six plays were over in the early fall of 1941. By then we were at war, emotionally if not actually, and Archibald MacLeish, Pulitzer Prize poet and Librarian of Congress, was mobilizing the nation's poets and playwrights into a propaganda machine. Corwin, poet, radio dramatist, and "dean," fitted the need perfectly, and to him was entrusted the task of putting on the notable "Bill of Rights" broadcast a few months ago. In that program the free use of verse and effect, always Corwin's strong points, proved once and for all that radio, if given to such people without qualifications, could outshine any other form of inspirational pageant. That magnificent broadcast was undoubtedly partly responsible for both the advertising award and Corwin's latest assignment, also at the instigation of Mr. MacLeish—that of producing what will be the greatest all-out effort ever made by radio. He will direct a series of half-hour dramatic programs which will be carried simultaneously on all four networks. These programs, to be heard Saturday nights commencing this next Saturday, will be written by such luminaries as Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Clifford Odets, as well as by Corwin, and will represent the final acknowledgment by everybody that radio can stand side by side with any other form of literary expression.

CARL van DOREN says, in his preface to this collection of radio plays, that to the author goes the credit not only for seeing what might be done with the radio script as an art form, but also for doing it as a whole series of plays, poetic or humorous, exhibiting the full range of his art.

That's a rather large order, and I'm sure Corwin himself would be among the first to disclaim that rather awesome distinction. Orson Welles, Arch Oboler, and Irving Reiss, all predated Corwin by two or three years. True, not all of them were poets, but neither is Corwin a Shakespearian actor like Welles. But all of them were busily seeing what might be done with the radio script as an art form. Possibly Corwin's greatest distinction over the others is that he was awarded, last Friday night at the Annual Advertising Awards dinner in New York, the Edward Bok memorial medal for being ". . . the individual who by contemporary service has added to the knowledge or technique of radio advertising." This award made a keen distinction between this one writer and his colleagues by designating him as having given special service to the advance of radio as an *advertising* medium. In effect that award was not so much a gesture to Corwin himself as an acceptance at long last by the realists that radio itself has something to offer the mature mind and the serious thinker.

This collection of thirteen plays does not represent all of the author's finest radio drama, nor all of his lightest and most easily assimilated pieces, but rather a sampling from his whole four years in big-time radio. They indicate a full and worthwhile literature in a period when the average (until Friday night last) advertiser or radio professional would tell you that "art" has no place in radio. When the ordinary expert wrote "down" to the people, Corwin dabbled in blank verse, and choral effects. He has never been overcivilized, nor does he pretend to believe in art for art's sake, but rather has been fighting in defense of the principle that radio can tell a stronger story than the one of "Aunt Minnie's broken back, burning house, blind daughter, and thieving husband, and soap." He also believes that radio can and should use stronger and more complicated symbols than are used in the nursery. The mind of the average listener may be that of the twelve-year-old child, as radio experts have held in defense of their own failure to provide more mature fare, but Corwin assumes that a mind of any age can be moved and attracted by the same literary devices that have engaged and motivated the "average" minds over centuries through plays, religious ceremonies, political pageants, and occasional festivals, and with that assumption has steadily worked at infusing radio with the Ideas, the lofty prose, the illumined dialogue, the fine verse of sturdier dramatists of braver days.

To Norman Corwin, then, not the credit for first seeing what radio could do as an art form, but rather for so patiently nourishing it that other people would want to see the same thing.

As a poet to be judged by more competent critics Corwin's works might lack maturity, as indeed any work by a man of his years might. And as one listens to his programs week after week one is conscious of faltering dramaturgy here and there. But that is the fault of the medium rather than the man. The playwriting in his half year series "Twenty Six" was equal in volume to six full-length plays, a record for fertility that has rarely been matched. He did not do it as a virtuosity, but rather because a radio series has to be done all at one time or not at all.

Van Doren likens him to Marlowe, but the reference appears to be chronological rather than stylistic—both seem to stand at the doorway to their field, rather than in the center. And it may well be true that other writers will come along who will say nobler things better than Corwin, because radio is still a young art, and its practitioners are still never free from wonderment at the flexibility and the elasticity of the medium. Not until another generation comes along which will not remember the chaotic, inarticulate adolescence of radio, will writers be able to work in radio with a complete absence of self-consciousness about the tools of their craft. Then, when writers can write and directors direct without wondering "how it would sound" with this trick or that, then will radio produce men of letters whose reputations will be as sure as those of novelists, historians, or biographers, poets, or playwrights.

Old Hands

Mary B. Ward

THEY flutter over a quiet lap
Here and there,
Old hands, restless hands;
They drum on the arm of the chair;
They smooth invisible wrinkles
Upon an aching knee;
Over and over they tap—
One, two, three,
And the right hand seeks the left,
Consolingly.
Old hands, old hands, I know
Why you tremble in distress,
And flutter so,
Caught in the trap of feebleness.

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Story of a Democratic Journey

RETURN TO THE FUTURE. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 251 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

IN the literature of the war, the first chapter of Sigrid Undset's new book must surely remain a classic. "Norway, Spring 1940" it is called, and it is the Nobel Prize winner's eye-witness account of the Nazi invasion of her fatherland. It is a terrible and poignant story, terrible in its simplicity, poignant in what it leaves unsaid.

"This land which our forefathers for more than two thousand years have toiled to conquer" was all but destroyed in sixty days by the cocaine-doped hordes of Nazism. Unsuspecting, unprepared in their "unbelievable optimism," the Norwegians fought back like the heroes of their sagas. But, peace-loving and unprepared, they were doomed in the monstrously unequal combat. That was the penalty that "ordinary, healthy and normal" freeman paid for seeing chiefly "the comic aspect" of Hitlerism.

In this drama of civilization's stand against savagery, Norway's most distinguished woman played a tragic role. Her elder son was killed in defense of his homeland. Her younger son, not yet of military age, volunteered for service and was missing for almost two months. Mme. Undset, whose home had become an asylum for the exiles of dictatorship, now fled over Norway's snow-packed mountain roads, herself an exile. Which of her novels unfolds a more moving tale than this?

She tells her story with stark reserve. Facts are more dramatic than phrases. There is no whipping up of emotion, no turn of the screw for the last pang of suffering. "I had a glimpse of Anders early the next morning." That was the last she saw of her elder son. A few weeks later "Anders fell as he was bringing three machine guns into position on the river bank." Not a word of her hardships, privations, and agony of spirit. There is something of the detachment of Greek tragedy in her silent courage.

Ever and again through the telling runs the *leitmotif* of her love for Norway. During one bombing raid she lay for two hours in a deep snowdrift beneath three fir trees. "It was the kind of wonderful winter-spring day that we have in Norway in April. . . . And through the crowns of the trees whispers a sweet, soft murmur—a murmur which became audible each time the drone of the planes' motors receded a little and there was a pause in the firing. It was a little strange whenever the bombers came directly over my head and the machine guns chattered; now and then some branches and twigs rattled down over us." At a fjord where she took shelter the Norwegian soldiers "wore anemones on their tunics. The first spring flowers had blossomed here by the sea."

As the exile was being driven on toward the Swedish border she stored her memory with the sights and sounds and smells of the land that had been her home for fifty-eight years. She sailed by night on an overcrowded trawler. During the days of hiding that ensued "I believe we all thought the same thing: that this our country, Norway, is so beautiful; it is past belief that anything so beautiful is real . . . and it is ours, ours. We will not give up our right to it, if we must wait a hundred years to get it."

In Sweden she was eventually rejoined by her younger son who escaped from the military post where he had been interned. The fall of France and the tide of Allied defeat left the homeless mother and son little choice but refuge in the United States. And the trip had to be made through Russia and Siberia by way of Japan and the Pacific Ocean.

Mme. Undset spent fourteen days in Russia. She is frank to admit that nothing Russian can awaken a sympathetic response in her. She found the Kremlin more strange and alien than beautiful. Moscow's throngs she viewed with the compassionate understanding that makes her one of the great literary portrayers of her fellow men. Rainy Vladivostock suggested to her a Five-Year Plan to provide the citizenry with umbrellas.

In Japan she enjoyed the lovely landscapes and all that was picturesque in the ways of the people. But she was quick to note beneath the surface peace and beauty that life in wartime Nippon had become brutalized. "Nippism" was grinding the populace into further sacrifice for the sake of a great and glorious future. "And the only method," comments Mme. Undset, "which the rulers know of attaining the promised land for their people is to conquer neighboring countries and pillage neighboring peoples of everything of value they have achieved through hundreds of years of work." More than ever she appreciated the fact that today it is only through America that the road leads back to the future.

Sigrid Undset

The final chapter, "Return to the Future," blueprints the trend of post-war social reconstruction based on the assumption of victory for the democracies. As a leader of European thought, Mme. Undset has important conclusions to offer us. Total war must be followed by total reconstruction. Science must join politics and economics in rebuilding for freedom. The innately militaristic Germans must be dealt with as a people that is sick rather than bad. In the slow, courageous progress back to our forefathers' democratic goals, we must never believe that now the battle is won for all time. It is a noble program and a heartening one. And "Return to the Future" is a memorable and significant book.

Two Darknesses

By Chad Walsh

IN night so dark I could not see
The concrete walk ten feet from me
A lightning flame behind the trees
Showed me a black and scarlet frieze
Of thick dark boughs beside my head
With blanks between of instant red.

I wonder if my eyes were made
To see into the day-time shade,
I might not find my way between
The truths I sense and have not seen.
But I must wait until appear
The flames that make the daylight clear.

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Journey with McGuire

WESTWARD THE COURSE! The New World of Oceania. By Paul McGuire. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1942. 423 *pp.* $3.75.

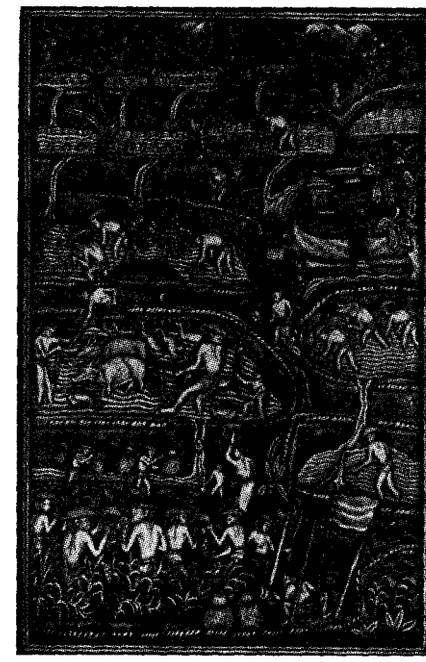
Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

EVERYTHING Paul McGuire writes makes thoroughly enjoyable reading. His books gallop along at a furious pace and his mind darts hither and thither, not because it is of the grasshopper type, but because it is well-stored. As a globe-trotter, his range of comparisons is wonderfully comprehensive. His ideal country would be, I am sure, a composite of the aspects of many lands.

His thinking appears to be oriented around four ideas: that modern man is rootless, desocialized, "a number in what is no longer a community but an aggregate of toiling individuals"; that modern man exhibits himself at his worst in the great cities, symbols of "our megalopolitanomania," and but a step short of worst on mechanized commercial farms; that many modern ills, especially in the newer countries of Oceania like Australia and New Zealand, would disappear if a subsistence peasantry could be brought into being; and that if men are to survive, they must recover "the moral unity of Christendom" and on it found a power able "to organize and control the rival interests" of the nations. To be sure he has other notions, crochets, whims, and fancies, but these are fundamental. Without them clearly in mind much of his criticism is hard to understand and much of his praise rather curious. His publisher tells us that Mr. McGuire is "critic, lecturer, political economist," and writer of mystery stories. They might have added that he does much of his travelling in the interest of Catholic Action.

In this book Mr. McGuire takes us on a whirlwind tour of the southwest Pacific, pushing off from Vancouver and rushing through Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Netherlands East Indies, and Malaya, coming to rest at Singapore. Much of the writing is impressionistic—excellent stuff too—but information of a fairly solid kind is inserted at judiciously selected intervals. There are even some statistics. A thesis shows its head on page 150: "this war has revealed that Malaya, the Indies and Australasia [a term the Australians and New Zealanders mightily resent] form an inevitable bloc designed geographically and historically for social, political, and economic coöperation: the new world of Oceania." There is something in this, but Mr. McGuire is too busy mixing travel essays with his curious value-judgments, his hair-raising economics with his broad generalizations, really to pursue it—which is a great pity. For beyond all question Australia may, *in the next century,* become the center of the "resources region" of which Mr. McGuire draws his clever picture. It is a project for tomorrow which deserves careful analysis by a sober writer. Not, however, an economic or social reality today, even less was it true yesterday.

This book should be read as a monologue by an intelligent traveller. Much of it strikes me as good talk, perhaps platform talk, rather than informal discussion among friends at home. But like such talk, the value is in the general impression, not the specific detail. Mr. McGuire often hurries by a significant point in his anxiety to get along with his voyage. He says that the New Zealand Maoris "amount to about four per cent" of the population and hold "about one-fourteenth of the land." That states their tragedy, for they are a rural people. But Mr. McGuire rushes by without making the real point. He cracks down on the Australians for their great cities, but he pauses not to investigate objectively the economic reasons for their growth, preferring moral exhortation. He gives a dangerously inaccurate impression of Australia's relations with the other dominions; and an overestimate of the importance to America of its exports to Australia. His discussion of the Northern Territory is so misleading and careless that it undermines confidence in his judgment of other situations. He makes the United States dependent upon Netherlands Indies for tungsten, which it is not. And so on.



—*From the book*
"Sawah"
A Balinese drawing.

In short, "Westward the Course!" is a book to read while you run, for the fun of being with that engaging chap Paul McGuire, a fascinating talker, skilful raconteur, aggressive moralist, and ardent propagandist for the recovery of the "moral unity of Christendom."

Canadiana

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY. By Bruce Hutchison. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1942. 386 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by A. RANDLE ELLIOTT

BRUCE HUTCHISON has written a frank review of his own book in a foreword to the work. "At the start this book had a plan," he confesses, "but the writer soon forgot it and is confident the reader will not discover it." "The Unknown Country" is an interesting collection of facts and interpretations about Canada and its people. These items, however, touch upon a great variety of topics, and are so disconnected that the uninformed reader is likely to be confused.

Champlain, Frontenac, Montcalm, and Wolfe fight again their epic battles—but this time amid a panegyric on Quebec and a homely tale of the rugged, modern French-Canadian. Monuments of Canadian literature are recalled from time to time, and each chapter of the present book is preceded by the author's own misguided efforts to set down poetical ideas in prose form. The fishing fleets and valuable forests of the Maritime Provinces, the dominant role of wheat in the prairies, the frontier life of the Northwest Territories—all are paraded briefly in this panorama of the first British Dominion.

Mr. Hutchison is at his best when reporting on Canadian government and politics. His thumb-nail sketches of Prime Minister Mackenzie King and John W. Dafoe—veteran editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*—highlight the book's many character studies. In view of the author's great interest in and knowledge of "The Unknown Country," it is regrettable that he did not devote to the entire book the care reflected in these few sections.

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American Liberator

BOLIVAR: The Life of an Idealist. By Emil Ludwig. New York: Alliance Press. 1942. 356 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

THE fabulous career of Simón Bolivar, perhaps the greatest, though by no means the only, liberator of Hispanic America, gives a skillful biographer unexcelled opportunities for the practice of his craft. The Venezuelan who lifted the Spanish yoke not only from his own country, but also from what is now Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, had a meteoric rise to power and fame, followed by a dismal collapse. He was wildly romantic in both his personal and political life. In love he was a Don Juan; in war and dictatorship, sometimes a Don Quixote. As Mr. Ludwig quotes him, his public and private pronouncements are a steady flow of flourishes of superheated emotion. With a brilliance and a polish gained in Spain and Napoleonic France—qualities rare in colonial South America—he proved amazingly successful as a leader of men in military campaigns. But he could not hold together the vast, thinly populated realm his men had conquered.

Even in his own greater Colombia, in his declining years, he had not the stability, the hard calculating nature, not the ruthlessness needed for political control of a turbulent and backward land.

Mr. Ludwig has taken full advantage of the spectacular in Bolivar's life. He has done more: he has interpolated at innumerable points his own reconstruction of Bolivar's psychological drives and reactions, as he imagines the Liberator felt them. While this is an interesting biographical technique, it can be carried too far. In this reviewer's opinion, Mr. Ludwig intrudes his own personality into the narrative just a bit too frequently. At times he seems somewhat overzealous in defense of a character whose fame should rest less on his questionable idealism than on his undeniable achievements. If Bolivar had received the same sober treatment at the hands of the author as does San Martín, Bolivar's counterpart in Argentina and Chile, the value of this book as history would probably be greater.

Emil Ludwig

Yet criticism on this score cannot affect the vast store of entertainment and instruction packed into the pages of "Bolivar." In days when the American public is turning its gaze toward its southern neighbors with increasing interest, such a biography offers a real insight into the nature of the Latin American world. That world has progressed enormously, of course, since Bolivar died, but it is surprising to observe how many of the fundamental characteristics of its political life remain susbtantially unchanged. Above all, it is instructive to compare Bolivar and his rivals with the *caudillos* of today. Mr. Ludwig's vivid exposition of the liberator's adventurous flamboyance sheds a good deal of light on many modern figures whose activities perplex the Anglo-American mind.

Balcony in Bucharest

ATHENE PALACE. By Countess Waldeck. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 357 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by VIRGILIA SAPIEHA

THE professional observer, a person who sees all, misses nothing, can neatly disentangle any network of human motives no matter how complex, and who withal retains ironical objectivity, this wise guy is the model historian of our time. Heaven forbid that passion should underlie the observations. Heaven forbid that the chronicle should be biased by convictions. We want such historians to be sophisticated, unshockable, amused by plot and counterplot, no more than annoyed by disaster, for then we are sure that what we are being served is the truth.

In her book "Athene Palace," Countess Waldeck achieves this kind of perfection. Sitting in the grandest of Balkan Grand Hotels in Bucharest for the seven months following the debacle in France, she watches Rumania's last gasps and twitches. Almost entirely without pride or prejudice, and therefore an ideal journalist, unruffled by the asps of intrigue in her luxurious nest, she collects facts, opinions, rumors, and gossip, then knits these varied skeins into the recognizable shape of inevitable doom.

She has no trouble in getting people to talk, no trouble in guessing, as they talk, how little or how much is true. From the dilapidated Rumanian Excellencies whose minds hover over adultery as moths above a flame, from the stream-lined, super-sincere lady agent of Hitler's propaganda staff, from the classically bred, fanatical Nazi Count, from the fairy-tale magnate who had started life as a dish-washer in Soho, from the startlingly sane general out of the German army's top-drawer, and from other less juicy personalities such as journalists, hairdressers, and the hotel servants, unostentatiously, the Countess wheedles what she needs to know.

The fall of Rumania is the old familiar story of a country with a bloody history of past conquests, of a people among whom the few have sucked away everything from the many. Rumania was another of the giants with straw legs bloated by Versailles. Its people, passionately nationalistic, living, as the plain peoples of the world have been living for untold ages, in the deepest ignorance of their own affairs, was led to destruction by a corrupt King and his opportunist ministers.

According to the Countess, the Germans did not want to mix in Rumania's death throes. Their concern was purely economic. They wanted quiet, above all, in this sphere of oil and wheat and soya-beans, so it was only when they realized that the Rumanians themselves were too stricken to provide their own quiet that the Nazis finally, reluctantly intervened.

The Countess was not taken in by anything. Neither the wanton, Hollywood display in the hotel which she insists upon calling glamorous, nor the traditional restraint of the German officers which she cannot help admiring, deceived her. Impeccably dispassionate, she comes, at the end of her tale, to the same conclusion which the rest of us, less dispassionately, have long ago attained: that the New Order cannot last. Its fallacy, the Countess claims, lies in its lack of mercy. She admits that in their daring, imaginative program, the Nazis have forgotten that the quality of mercy is a necessary, fructifying element in any human scheme.

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TOTALITARIAN WAR AND THE O.C.D.

WHERE pork, pensions, and annuities fail to strike the sparks of virtue out of Congressional hearts, the suggestion that the lighter forms of art may be useful in keeping up the morale of civilian defense seems to have kindled a bonfire. We do not propose to enter into the particular and personal controversy recently aroused, but it is already too clear that the public is likely to be misled as to the deeper issues involved.

Totalitarian war—and we are engaged in such a war—means preparation for war in every sense. The man who drops a bomb on an enemy cruiser is dependent for success upon his physical fitness, his training, and his morale, which, in turn, are all conditioned by his experience in camp. The bomb is made by men and women working in a community, and the speed and accuracy and energy with which they work are determined by the morale, the energy, the conditions of living in that community. In the long run, it is all like the house that Jack built, and while it is possible to say at a given moment that some steps in the process from preparation to victory are more important than others, and deserve the great expenditures, the most earnest attention, it is folly to assume that any of them are unimportant. This much England has learned. Let us also learn it before it is too late.

All of which means that a concern for the welfare and nervous stability of children, or a concern for the recreation of men in camps, or a concern to make artists, writers, teachers, musicians, feel that they have a part to play in carrying on the life of the mind and the emotions as part of the preparation for total war, are of deep significance and importance. Certain very foolish Congressmen and some foolish newspapers, for reasons of their own, are clearly trying to persuade the public that expenditure on morale is boondoggling, an unfortunate word that has been used to cover a multitude of prejudices and ignorances more numerous than the evils it was supposed to describe. We paid a heavy price after the last war by refusing to take seriously, in the time of the draft, psychological difficulties in otherwise healthy men. The statistics of the cost of veterans' hospitals established for mentally shaken men, many of whom never should have been in the army, are little known, but they are staggering. Now the pack barks up a different tree, but the results, if they succeed in drawing the public after them, may be quite as serious.

Let it be understood that this is no defense of any particular appointment nor of any diversion of funds for a long-term need which may be required for a short-term emergency. But the need is there; it must be planned for; those who believe that the stiffening of morale in its broadest sense, for the whole population, and including the arts of all kinds from the lightest to the greatest, is an indispensable job for Civilian Defense and must be seen to on a scale never approached in this country before, are right, and will be proved right—let us hope not by the disastrous results of wrecking their endeavors for partisan or personal ends. As for cost, there is probably enough pork in the new Rivers and Harbors bill to pay for all the campaign twice over.

Let the tired housewife reflect what it has meant to her to go to the movies when life got too difficult, or to be sure that her children would be cared for; let the weary man reflect upon what he has drawn from books, or the theater, or dancing, or music, before we join the cry of boondoggling over every attempt to keep the spirits high and sound in a year of overstrain. The Russians and the Germans learned all this long ago. While we copy their panzer divisions, let us not ignore their care for national morale. We can do it much better—if the politicians will let us—and if the public will take the trouble to think out the problem for themselves.

H. S. C.

ANISFIELD AWARD

IN 1934, Mrs. Edith Wolf, of Cleveland, Ohio, established a $1,000 annual award for a scholarly book published in the field of race relations. Founded in memory of her father, it is known as the John Anisfield Award, and is given under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review*. This year Mrs. Wolf has founded another $1,000 annual award to be given to the best book concerned with racial problems in the field of creative literature. Works of fiction, drama, poetry, or biography or autobiography were eligible.

The committee of judges for both awards consists of Henry Seidel Canby, of the editorial board of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology, New York University, and Donald Young of the Social Science Research Council. The creative literature prize goes to "Quest," an autobiography by Leopold Infeld, published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.; and the prize in scholarly research in the racial field to "The Haitian People," by James G. Leyburn, published by the Yale University Press.

"Quest," written by the co-author with Albert Einstein of "The Evolution of Physics," is the personal history of the evolution of a scientist. Such a book would have importance and interest regardless of the national and racial affiliations of the author. But the fact that Leopold Infeld, who writes it, is a Jew, and writes frankly as a Jew, gives the work peculiar value and significance in the present crisis of civilization. One of the leading factors that caused the Committee of Awards to choose this book out of a large number of admirable and significant volumes was the clarity and detachment with which the author expounds the Jewish problem from the point of view of the Jew himself. There is here no uncritical glorification of a particular people, no intractable emotional bias, and no inclination to dodge factual realities or their implications. As a result, this book represents an exceptional contribution to an understanding of the problems of Semitism and anti-Semitism on the part of anyone who seeks the real heart of the matter.

In selecting Professor Leyburn's book, "The Haitian People," the judges responded to the conviction that it is in harmony with the spirit and purpose of the Anisfield Award to recognize high scholarship and clear portrayal of truth. Haiti is a small community and its problems are to some extent localized and unique, but it is the outstanding instance of what is familiarly called a "Black Republic," and its history has special significance with respect to the possible future of the various branches of the Negro race both in the western hemisphere and in Africa. Professor Leyburn's treatment is comprehensive, penetrating, and well documented. This book will remain for years a standard authority, invaluable to anyone who wishes to become really well informed about this community. Furthermore, it will help to overcome the well entrenched notion that scholarship and readability cannot be combined in the same work.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dr. Gray Chandler Briggs

SIR:—Sherlock Holmes enthusiasts will learn with regret that a distinguished figure in the field of Sherlockian research has been called to that greater mystery for which no "Guide to London and its Environs" may serve as *vade mecum*. Dr. Gray Chandler Briggs of St. Louis is dead. He died of pneumonia in his home city, on the night of January 23, at the age of fifty-seven.

While Dr. Briggs was well known in his own state as a physician, in particular as a roentgenologist, he was nationally and internationally known to Sherlockians as the man who discovered the house in Baker Street, London, which a majority of students have agreed was the residence of Holmes and Dr. Watson. It was he who, in the early days of the century, mapped Baker Street from end to end and, by a deduction worthy of the detective himself, named the present No. 111 as the veritable 221B of Conan Doyle's detective romances. Other students since have made other deductions, and thereby precipitated an international uproar; but Dr. Briggs was first in the field, and his theory is the most popular and the most plausible of them all. No more brilliant literary identification has been made in our time. He occupied a unique place in the affection of students of the Holmes saga.

Readers of Holmes literature do not need to be reminded of the clues, in "The Adventure of the Empty House," by which the St. Louis physician was led to his discovery. But when, later, he met the creator of Sherlock Holmes, and told him of that discovery, Sir Arthur was amazed. "He told me that as nearly as he could remember he had never been in Baker Street in his life," said the doctor. "There was something spooky about Doyle, anyway; I sensed it that afternoon!"

Dr. Briggs was a pioneer in roentgenology. He began to experiment with X-rays a few years after their discovery in 1895, while still a student at the Central High School in St. Louis. He attended the University of Chicago for a number of years, where he studied Chinese, then entered the old St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons, from which he was graduated in 1909. After a year of general practice he began to specialize in X-ray work and became one of the leading practitioners of his day. He was a famous raconteur, and his hobbies, after Sherlock Holmes, were photography, painting, stamp collecting, Chinese philology, and the building of model trains.

Dr. Briggs was an early member of the Baker Street Irregulars, by whose membership he will be deeply missed.

VINCENT STARRETT.

Chicago, Ill.

"In the first place, I didn't order any such thing. And in the second place, there isn't any such thing in the first place."

"American Giant"

SIR:—Perhaps in gratitude for the compliments lavished upon me by Clifton Joseph Furness in his review of my biography of Whitman, "American Giant," (*SRL*, December 15, 1941) I should keep my peace and not take him up on certain allegations. However, since his blandishments had something in common with those of the boa constrictor that hugs in order to kill, I shall defend myself only on the two specific imputations he made upon my scholarship.

First, Mr. Furness says I am "romantically inaccurate . . . in ascribing Whitman's illness to 'the poisoned cut in his hand got while helping the surgeon to amputate a gangrened limb'," and cites as proof of my inaccuracy an unpublished manuscript of Mrs. W. D. O'Connor's which says, as Mr. Furness paraphrases it, that "his fatal injury came not from a surgeon's knife, but from a prosaic can opener." I had not the good fortune to see Mrs. O'Connor's unpublished letter. However, I did have the account of Horace Traubel, who wrote in the *New England Magazine* for May, 1891: "Whitman's prostration arose (as he himself described it) from a poisoned wound in the right hand, received while assisting at the amputation of a gangrened limb of a Virginia Union soldier to whom he was much attached . . . " Whitman was alive when Traubel made this assertion and could therefore have disproved it had it not had his sanction. So much for my being "romantically inaccurate."

Second, Mr. Furness says: "To lift Whitman above the imputations of John Addington Symonds, Miss Winwar invents a pretty story of one brief incandescent romance with a woman in New Orleans." Alas, I cannot take the credit for that invention. Professor Emory Holloway, in 1926, as well as other biographers before him, have dealt with that love affair. All that I try to do in my book is to come closer to the identity of Whitman's *monna innominata*.

As for Mr. Furness's quoted aspersion from Harrison S. Morris that "This is no time to publish a book on Walt unless you fill it with glances behind your hand at his alleged ladies," I am forced to quote from that same authority his opinion of "American Giant." The book, says Mr. Morris, is Walt's life "translated into very excellent prose . . . There is no doubt that such a book will be very informing to an interested public."

A last word. As the best art is that which conceals art, the best scholarship is that which does not smell of the lamp.

FRANCES WINWAR.

New York City.

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Dissenting Opinions

DEAR Professor Jones:

Tut! Tut! Tut! As a student of literature, and an occasional contributor thereto, you must know, and indeed admit in your review of my book, "Along These Streets," that ground-rule number one is that you should not condemn a man for not doing what he never set out to do, and your sudden recollection of this toward the end of your review, and your improvised alibi, do not absolve you.

I didn't "raise the issue," you did. I wasn't writing "a proletarian novel" —I am inclined to think that form of inverted, ineffectual, class-conscious, intellectual snobbishness has rather gone out of fashion, anyhow. Nor was I writing a "city novel." If you want a document of that kind I refer you to an excellent book: "Philadelphia: a Guide to the Nation's Birthplace. The American Guide Series. Federal Writers' Project." All I was trying to do was to write a novel, and unless I am mistaken, it is generally admitted, even in the most academic circles, that a novelist has a right to choose his own point of departure and that a novel deals with individuals and is neither a treatise, an epic, nor a sermon. And, since I am on the subject, I would like to take up, without his permission, the cudgels for Mr. John Marquand who, in "The Late George Apley," has written one of the best novels I know and a most important one.

But that is not the purpose of this letter. You have used my book as a stalking-horse for your own social point of view and so have laid yourself wide open to retort, even supplying in your final sentence an apt self-description. If you remember, you said my book was "readable but radically defective." Well, entirely as one interested in and working with social maladjustments, I say your tract—for it was not a criticism—is also readable but super-radically defective. It is also anachronistic. And I say this as the result of much research, continuous thinking, and best of all, perhaps, considerable personal experience. And I have on my side the weight of most recent opinion.

I was only a teacher of English for three years and that in my extreme youth, although I regret even that temporary withdrawal from actual life. The rest of the time, from the age of fifteen on as a matter of fact, and, whenever during my vacations, I could escape from college, I have been attempting like the majority of Americans, sometimes desperately, to make a living. This has taken me all over the country and has led me into many interesting byways and highways from newspaper work to being a ranch hand; I have also lived in the slums of several great cities. I know intimately what you call, a trifle loftily, the "Lumpen-proletariat," although I challenge that phrase for any but comparatively small segments of this country. I am glad to say, however, that I have a number of intimate friends among those I imagine you are describing. As a result I long ago gave up the sentimental notion—I thought everyone had—that the rich and the powerful are not important. Whether you or I approve of it or not, they happen to be a fact and in many ways a determining one. Indeed, they hold the key to the situation as most modern thinkers are beginning to realize. If this were not so, if one rich man were not still a thousand times more powerful than a thousand poor ones, what then would be the logic of the labor unions? Of inheritance taxes? Of all the ameliorating projects being put into effect by advanced nations the world over until war interrupted them?

Philadelphia is a city of a million and a half inhabitants; it is still owned, lock, stock and barrel, by a certain class, and not such a small one either, which holds three-fourths of the city's wealth. These people in conscious or unconscious collusion, usually the latter since it stems mostly from carelessness, with a hard-working crowd of racketeers and politicians, their spiritual and actual deputies, give the city its tone; they take from the city and make little return; your "Lumpen-proletariat" looks up to them and imitates them as much as possible; and the same is true in every city in the country save possibly New York. Even in New York, wealth and power, and their tradition, are not unimportant.

Are you going to attack the problem by describing the sorrows of the poor which already have been described over and over again until even the poor are aware of them? With all due respect this is the error which led to the hard-boiled sentimental writing, criticism, and thinking of the nineteen-twenties. Your "Lumpen-proletariat" does not start revolutions, bloodless or otherwise, it does not even start reforms; it never has. It has neither the time, the elbow-room, the money, nor the knowledge. I thought awareness of that simple fact was just introductory sociology. But I will come to my conclusions.

It is my belief that here in America we have a peculiar condition, quite unlike anything the world has seen before, and that if we do not attempt to take advantage of it we are to say the least foolish; to say the worst, suicidal. It is my conviction, constantly reinforced, that Americans due to their beliefs, their temperament, their traditions, to a score of other factors, are developing something new, or rather, trying to build upon what they have always had, and therefore that they present a strange and actual hope. Spiritually and mentally, and those are the most important things, much as we—some of us—have tried, we have never, not even in three hundred years, been able to produce "an entrenched upper class," any more than we have produced "an entrenched proletariat" or an "entrenched peasantry" or "lower middle class." They just don't happen because the American, even the most powerful and the most traditional, doesn't in his, or her, secret mind believe in them. The most insecure person imaginable, as we all know, is the American, influenced by Europe, who makes the un-native attempt to think otherwise. America, thank goodness, is still fluid; more so now perhaps than it has been at any time since the Civil War. And who made it so? To a large extent "brands snatched from the burning" among the very people you consider unimportant.

My point is that the majority—the vast majority—of powerful, rich, and privileged Americans are exceptional people, compared, that is, to the same class in Europe and throughout history. There are many contradictions, too many, but I am speaking of a class, and this class is sensitive, intelligent, not at all happy about itself or conditions, and can be appealed to, and I think the history of the last ten years bears me out. Even the stupidest and most arrogant and misinformed of Americans is still too close to what America was and is not, to have inner qualms. Even at their most misinformed and obstinate the majority are "nice" people, as I tried to point out in "Along These Streets"; "nice" in a way almost unknown to Europe. And in them, because they are Americans, because they are not indurate, because they are intelligent, lies a great part of the hope for the future. At all events, I am not going to stop trying to appeal to them, and I am not going to fall into the juvenile error of considering them a relatively unimportant handful.

With regards from your former habitat, North Carolina,

Sincerely yours,

STRUTHERS BURT.

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Song of Sophocles

OEDIPUS AT COLONUS—Sophocles —An English Version by Robert Fitzgerald. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1941. 156 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS A. SHEPARDSON

WITH this version, Mr. Fitzgerald has done us at once an artistic and utilitarian service by completing the translation of the great Sophoclean trilogy started by William Butler Yeats's "Oedipus the King," and continued two years ago by Dudley Fitts's and Robert Fitzgerald's "Antigone." It is high praise to each one to say that they should be read together, and that the transition from the poetic prose of Yeats's version, with some of its choruses in pure poetry, to the poetry of Mr. Fitzgerald's version, and then to the sparkling poetry of the "Antigone," in which Mr. Fitzgerald collaborated with Mr. Fitts, is smooth, natural, and inevitable.

There are distinctions, to be sure; and probably many readers will have their preferences; but these distinctions are minor ones, and all readers will be sensible of the service that these three moderns have performed. If I say that in some of the speeches of this version readers may miss some of the flavor and brilliance of the earlier collaboration on the "Antigone," it is equally true that in some of the speeches Mr. Fitzgerald has surpassed, alone, anything done in collaboration. Creon's bragging here sets the stage for what the authors have done with him in the "Antigone." And the last long speech of the Messenger, wherein he reveals to Antigone and Ismene such details as he knows of Oedipus's death, yields to nothing in literature in simplicity, dignity, and beauty. The choral poems are well done, though they seem to lack a little something, perhaps the sheer spontaneity, of the choral songs of the "Antigone." The chorus's praise of Athens, nurse of men, is as fine as anything I have read. Oedipus's righteous anger, searing Creon with hot fire, is remarkable both in its faithfulness to the original Greek and in its integrity as contemporary invective.

Beside Yeats's close of "Oedipus the King."

> Call no man fortunate that is not dead:
> The dead are free from pain.

we may place Mr. Fitzgerald's fine echo

> There is no old age for a man's anger,
> Only death; the dead cannot be hurt.

Such echoes as this were common in the original; and it is a mark of the genius of these modern translators that they have employed in contemporary work such devices for the unifying of these three greatest of all tragic dramas. What this particular drama lacks in action and rapidity of movement is more than made up for in calm beauty, dignity, and serenity. And Mr. Fitzgerald has done the difficult task of making it not a magnificent solo, a thing which he might well have been tempted to do, but the rich voice of a single part, blending and harmonizing perfectly with the other parts, in the choral voice of Sophocles's great tragic song.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE CALENDAR IN RHYME

This week's quiz is authored by Miss Ethel King, of New York City, who offers a poetic commentary for every month in the year. Allowing 10 points if you can identify either the poet or the poem, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 19.

1. JANUARY

Then came January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away.

2. FEBRUARY

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've
no desire to be disloyal,
Some person in authority, I don't know who, very
likely the Astronomer Royal,
Has decided that, although for such a beastly month
as February, 28 days as a rule are plenty
One year in every four his days shall be reckoned
as nine-and-twenty.

3. MARCH

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies. . . .

4. APRIL

April, April, laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after, weep thy girlish tears!

5. MAY

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

6. JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days. . . .

7. JULY

When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

8. AUGUST

In the parching August wind,
Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread.

9. SEPTEMBER

It's September, and the orchards are afire with red
and gold,
And the nights with dew are heavy, and the morning's
sharp with cold. . . .

10. OCTOBER

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

11. NOVEMBER

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

12. DECEMBER

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray. . . .

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Baum . . .

MARION ALIVE. By Vicki Baum. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 586 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE picture of Continental decadence, evidently well established at the time of Max Nordau, most emphatically demonstrated in recent days by the fall of France, is not given any further illumination by this reasonably interesting novel of Miss Baum's. This would be an unfair criticism if it were not so evident that it is supposed to give new light on broad subjects in the social history of Europe. The ground has all been gone over in fiction time and again by men the size of Feuchtwanger, for example, or Remarque; the philosophic systems by people like Nordau, Spengler, and Briffault; the facts by a flood of journalistic prophecy and explanation, always so much more convincing than fiction, which is upon us at the moment, and was, ten years before the Greater War.

The book appears to be an interweaving of two plots, but it is not. Actually, the concluding chapter is distributed through the book; an extension of the old trick of finding two old people in a garden and then going to see how they happen to be there. It is an effective extension in this case, however, for the lady in this book has pursued a much younger lover into the Swiss mountains and fallen into a glacier crevice, where she reflects, hopes, and ultimately dies. Her life does not pass before her, but her dying contrasts with all the vivid, sordid, and stupid scenes of her career, from childhood on.

The girl, Marion, is an Austrian of fairly good birth who has a rough time of it even in pre-war days. She becomes a concert violinist and is getting along when, in a manner which smells strongly of celluloid, she is caught in a train wreck which stiffens her right wrist. However, she has not even the excuse of this disability for love affairs founded on—well, a warm heart—inclement weather, sympathy, or perhaps the lack of an interesting crossword puzzle in the home. She had already engaged in some generosities before her accident, out of curiosity or ennui. A series of passions does not neccessarily make one unsympathetic to a character, nor does surrender from necessity, or half of literature would be wiped out. But it is impossible to exploit and deprecate that particular phenomenon at one time, as literature or anything else. Martin Luther and K'ung Fu Tsze observed this fact.

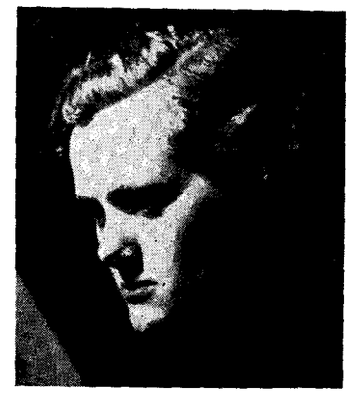
Du Maurier . . .

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK. By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IT is difficult not to suppose that this book was written with an eye to the movies. It has about it an atmosphere of contrivance and concoction. It will not stand comparison with "Jamaica Inn" and "Rebecca," which—whatever their literary worth may have been—were first class thrillers. "Frenchman's Creek" is not first class and it is only just a thriller.

It deals with the Lady St. Columb, wife of a good-natured, empty-headed baronet of the reign of Charles II. Lady St. Columb, weary of London, of its Court, and of her wild life there, escapes with her children to her husband's Cornish manor. On her arrival, she learns that the country round about is at the mercy of a French pirate, who comes and goes unseen. Oddly enough, though many have looked for him, it is the Lady St. Columb who stumbles upon his hiding place—a creek on her estate.



Daphne du Maurier

Even more oddly, the miscreant is by no means what one would expect of a seventeenth-century pirate. He is a cultured gentleman, with artistic gifts; and his crew is composed, not of cutthroats, but of gay and childlike Bretons. So the lady falls in love with him, and off they go pirating together. And then in the middle of this, her husband comes down from London, bringing with him the wicked Lord Rockingham.

At this point, the reader will have realized that Miss du Maurier's invention is flagging. She has got the girl aboard the lugger, but what is she to do next? A series of labored adventures and escapes do not provide a satisfactory answer, and the ending is tame. Certainly Miss du Maurier proposed for herself the telling of a most difficult tale, and the reader will sympathize with her as she struggles more and more desperately in its toils. But this is simply not good du Maurier. In the hands of a less accomplished story teller, "Frenchman's Creek" would be a rather silly little thing. It is to Miss du Maurier's credit that it reaches its end still one jump ahead of a somewhat threatening fog of tedium and nonsense.

Coyle . . .

TO HOLD AGAINST FAMINE. By Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

MISS COYLE'S latest achievement proves how unnecessary it is for the genuinely gifted to envy "this man's art and that man's skope." She has both. If she confines her setting for the most part to a single Paris flat, her characters to a mere handful of unhappy French who for reasons of their own refused to run when others fled, and her time to those unreal and terrifying weeks after June 14, 1940, her restraints, self-impositions of the disciplined artist, stint neither the breadth of her subject nor the extent of her powers. The result is a beautifully balanced performance of classic symmetry, though hardly, in its charged intensity, of classic calm.

In one sense "To Hold against Famine" is the story of bereft and victimized women in wartime, left in a Paris virtually stripped of all useful French males, but now, incredibly, overrun with those monstrous Nazi-mechanized creatures which can hardly be called men at all—merely, as the vanished Martin Masson contemptuously declared, regimented marchers "toujours en profile."

At the center stands Marianne Masson, young, exquisitely cultivated, but utterly defeated by the disruption of her world, by the mysterious disappearence of her brother Martin, and by the galling knowledge, kept from her mother, that she will have to bear the child of a hated German rapist. Surrounding her are her mother, the magnificent Doctor Masson, to whom the "beginning of life were . . . religion," and whose untiring ministrations to women in the throes of it were a daily affirmation of that faith; Alice, the tired old servant who came, at great trouble to herself, to dust the rooms and prepare the meagre food without hope of pay because she always had come and because she worshiped Madame Masson; the brave little bride Suzanne, Marianne's classmate and friend; and Clothilde, the robust young country girl, both frightened and fascinated by the strangeness of Paris. Of the men only poor old Pascal the butcher with no meat to sell and the

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slow-witted painter Monsieur Egas, not even a real Frenchman, remain.

In another sense it is the story of France, that France of whom the warmhearted Suzanne, longing for maternity but cheated of it, tenderly exclaims, "I feel as if I were carrying it in my arms"; a France that would not when it could unite for its own salvation and that now, broken, lost, still breathed and waited; a France where the derisive little boys, watching the Germans go by, spoke in mock politeness of "ces messieurs," giving the words a special intonation the enemy could not mistake but must pretend to ignore; a France still rich in private loyalties as well, and burning with outrage at the desecration of what the spoilers could not faintly understand; a France, finally, whose temporarily vanquished citizens in all sincerity could say of the German victors, "I would not have their gains nor their consciences."

But in the deepest sense Miss Coyle has written of the struggle for courage, for faith, for, above all, that growing, living, changing, unquenchable thing men may find "to hold against famine." Appropriately, it is the artist, the clumsy, kindly, not-very-quick Monsieur Egas to whom she entrusts the formula that save Marianne and that, symbolically, may save France and civilization itself.

Not that she puts the case so baldly. She is too delicate an artist, too perfect in taste, and too much the poet for that. She makes no cheap promises, admits no ready compromises, and allows her characters no such easy way out. They know the worst has not yet come, but they will face it, whatever it is. The certainty of that strength she communicates through the purity, simplicity, and thrift of her prose, as well as by those wonderfully deft touches of the real, the familiar, and the everyday that keep them going—the scent of some shampoo stuff in the little hairdresser's down the street; the maddening persistence of Madame Goupil's canaries; Suzanne's tired little trousseau hat; the soft moving in of the Paris twilight; old Pascal's questionable, but precious Strasbourg sausage, with a strong suspicion of cat and too much nutmeg.

Miss Coyle has dared to use contemporary events such as any newspaper might serve up daily. But she gives them a form that should long outlast and long illumine them.

Longstreet . . .

THE GAY SISTERS. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Random House. 1942. 306 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by H. M. BESS

THE fact that Mr. Longstreet's theme is the thoroughly well-known one of the family feud (it is apparently based on the famous Wendell lawsuit), does not of itself entitle the reader to a this-is-where-I-came-in attitude. High-spirited people of the same blood and household, money—especially when there is a lot—and the slow grinding of the legal mill always offer sufficient scope for variation of treatment. The test must be rather whether the variation is merely a show of virtuosity, or whether it enriches the theme beyond mere embroidery.

Stephen Longstreet

Mr. Longstreet seems to be aware of the possibilities of his subject without ever quite realizing them. His New York City household of three fairly good-looking women brought almost to bankruptcy by twenty years of wrangling over a fifty-million dollar estate are simply three women who want to salvage as much as possible out of the wreck of their fortunes, with, if possible, a little fun on the side. The moral responsibility involved in the possession of such wealth, the problem of legal corruption, the complete lack of purpose of the sisters beyond the desire for income are scarcely more than hinted at, and anyone unconcerned with these matters might easily see in the book no more than a clash between the eldest sister, the forceful Fiona, and her one-time lover John Berkeley, over the possession of their illegitimate son. Mr. Longstreet moves about easily enough from character to character and scene to scene to gain a rather deceptive appearance of mastery over materials and style. Thus the solution of love affair between the second sister Susanna and the artist, with the near-disruption of it by the third Gaylord daughter, is made to depend on Fiona's surrender to Berkeley, but it is not convincing. The truth is, like many other novelists of competence without brilliance, Mr. Longstreet (who lives in Hollywood) sees his story less in terms of *writing* than in the sharp pictorial and scenic qualities of the movies. It ought to make a very good one.

Maclean . . .

SEVEN FOR CORDELIA. By Catherine Macdonald Maclean. New York: Macmillan. 1942. 270 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

HERE is a book which shows us the lives to which the war is a background, of people whose existence has been incredibly changed, and, in some ways, battered by war—it is the story of children from the slums of the great cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, "evacuated" to a farm in the Highlands, a farm owned and run by a man and woman of breeding, dignity, sternness, kindness, and Scotch sense.

The narrator is a Londoner, a friend of Cordelia Kinross, mistress of Tharrus; with skill in timing and stress she pictures the children, especially Big Jock, Wee Rab, and Jockie, used only to the harsh glare of hotly lit streets, succumbing to the wide peace, hard work, and natural routine of country life on a farm. The beasts, especially the dogs, Jess the sow, and her litters of pigs, play a large part in this conversion. No one who has ever lived on a farm will be able to resist the thrill of Mrs. Maclean's sketches, the deftness and economy with which she suggests the ardors, the enjoyment and the unceasing drudgery which are the lot of those who wait on the seasons and the beasts.

Mrs. Maclean must be congratulated, too, on the precision and the sympathy with which she portrays the changes in the children. She has avoided the obvious temptations to sentimentality, even in the friendship between Rab and the English Colonel's daughter Marguerite; she does not shirk the truth about the harshness and uncouthness of the children, and is careful to keep their development natural. In part of the book the narrator returns to London where one of her friends is Delia, Cordelia's niece. Delia is a nurse in a London hospital, and undergoes the horror and shock of the monstrous raids of September 1940. She escapes again and again: then one night she is killed on her way to the basement. The news gets to Scotland, to Tharrus. The old shepherd, Rory, who has had three sons in the retreat from Dunkirk, has jested and scorned the enemy: but for the death of Delia he has a word which sums up the struggle between the armies of destruction and the armies of salvation. "When he hears of the young Delia's death, and the way in which she was slain, for once the old man is dumb. Then he passes a shaky hand across his eyes: 'Her! phwat had only to *touch* a lamb, an' it lived!' "

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Boomers and Sooners

OKLAHOMA: A GUIDE TO THE SOONER STATE. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of Oklahoma. American Guide Series. Illustrated. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 442 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BURTON RASCOE

THIS is the final volume of the American Guide Series and the most exciting and hilarious of the lot. The whole series is a monument to the wisdom of those among Mr. Roosevelt's advisers (perhaps Harry Hopkins is the man) who had just the opposite idea from the idea Hitler had. Hitler's notion was that when things got economically tough in his country, the best thing to do was to kill off the writers, poets, musicians, painters, priests, rabbis, preachers, and critics—creative artists of all sorts who concerned themselves with eternal aspects of life. Hitler burned books, said people who wrote books were decadent and degenerate (he excepted the author of "Mein Kampf," which is certainly one of the most decadent and degenerate books ever written, besides being in excruciatingly bad German), and started out building up a nation of regimented robots.

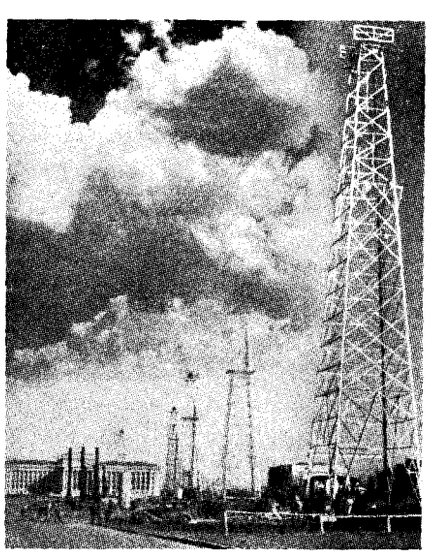
Harry Hopkins (or somebody) had the better idea that people, who could read and write, dream dreams and put them on paper, have violent arguments in print, were worth preserving, even at the state expense in hard times. The result is that, for the first time in the history of our nation, the artist and the writer have been allowed even a sip from the taxpayers' hog-trough into which politicians have had their snouts and front feet plunged since the time of Andrew Jackson.

Oklahomans have their own way of dealing with the greedy politician and their own way of experimenting in democracy. They are the only voters in the union who often elect a man governor for no other apparent reason than that of having him impeached as soon after he has taken the oath of office as the matter can be arranged. Sometimes they don't wait until they have evidence that he has reached his hand into the public till, but bring impeachment proceedings on the assumption that is what he would do, and the impeachment proceedings fail for want of evidence. In such cases, they throw their governor out at the next election, anyhow, on the assumption that either he didn't take advantages of his opportunities or that he did.

Something seems to have convinced Oklahomans a long time ago that any one who runs for political office in the state (with a few notable exceptions, such as Robert L. Owen, a part Cherokee Indian and descendant of a noble line of Cherokees and Scots, who was always re-elected every time he would run, as U. S. Senator, and a few other congressmen, sheriffs, and judges) is a scalawag and a scoundrel and that the best way to get rid of him (now that pistol-toting is forbidden in the state) is to make him, by electing him to political office, and then break him.

Oklahomans have carried their derision of the democratic process of free election so far as to poll 67,607 votes for Mae West (a telephone switchboard operator in Oklahoma City) for Commissioner of Charities and Corrections; rolled up a heavy vote for Joe E. Brown as Secretary of State and for Daniel Boone for Clerk of the Supreme Court. When a mild schoolteacher, whose name is, actually, Will Rogers, ran for Congressman-at-large, he won hands down, even though the Will Rogers some voters had in mind was in Hollywood and hadn't been in the state since he was in knee-pants, except on visits to act in shows and speak before the Claremore Chamber of Commerce. In succeeding primaries the schoolteacher had to face determined opposition from Brigham Young, Robert E. Lee, and William Cullen Bryant.

That is just a sample of what the temper of the people of the state is like. And who are these people? They are among the finest, best-educated, kindliest people in the world; and they come from not only every state in the union, but from nearly every country in the world; and they are all aggressively American, even aggressively Oklahoman.



After they built the capitol in Oklahoma City, they discovered oil on the front lawn, so they set up their derricks.

As a boy in Shawnee, one of my best friends was a Syrian who was born on Mount Sinai. He ran a chile parlor. Three other friends of mine were Greeks who were born in the Lacedaemonian hills, educated at Sparta University, and who got to America by a system of indenture, whereby they worked and slept in a four-by-twelve shoe-shining parlor until they paid out their passage fare and other charges—and that took a long time, several years in fact. They established the best restaurant in town. One of them married the daughter of a Swiss dairyman, and one of their sons, after serving in the last war as a private rather badly shot up in the Argonne, now has one of the best farms tractored in the county.

Another of my lifelong friends in Shawnee is a priest of the Dominican order in the Catholic church, who was brought to this country from Alsace when he was four years old and reared in Oklahoma when it was still called "The Indian Country" and was really wild. He studied art in Paris; was ordained in England; painted the official portrait of Pius XI that hangs in the Vatican; and established a boys' school (largely attended by children of Indian parentage) and a museum of art and Indian artifacts in Shawnee which has more authentic early Italian and Renaissance paintings than there were in the collection that "The Copper King" willed to the Metropolitan Museum and the museum wouldn't take.

Still another friend of mine in Oklahoma is a watchmaker, jeweler, and ranchman, who bought his ranch and stocked it with the finest breed of Herefords available, on the money he saved out of fixing timepieces for railroad conductors and repairing rings and necklaces for the sweethearts of cowboys. He still practises his art, not for the money that is in it, but because he is a member of the community and feels his responsibility to keep his friends' and neighbors' timepieces and jewelry in order, since he is the only jeweler in town. He is an American of Hungarian-Jewish derivation, who came to this country in steerage when he was fourteen. He has sent two sons through college: one is a successful lawyer and the other is a successful ranchman.

The melting pot has never operated more successfully than it has in Oklahoma. The state has no characteristic accent or idiom, although the latter may develop out of the terms used by the oil field workers, which have already begun to have general currency as distinguished from the original meanings of the words—such as

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"hi-jacker," "wild-catter," and so on.

Within less than fifty years the state passed through all the phases from an unexplored wilderness to an agricultural economy and lastly to an industrial economy, which Eastern states took three hundred years to do.

Oil made the state wealthy, after it had already become wealthy in agriculture, cattle, and minerals; and after the politicos in Washington had reserved the land for the Indians and driven them out there, because it was erroneously reported that the land was "a desert."

The politicos thought they could get rid of the Indians' complaint against treaty-breaking, by sending them out where they thought they would soon starve, and promising them that if they would only go and live on this land, the government would never break another treaty with them, "so long as the grass shall grow and the rivers run." (There was cynical irony in this, because Andy Jackson, who hated Indians, was under the mistaken impression, when he made this promise, that there wasn't any grass or rivers in that part of the country.

Oklahoma is so wealthy in every known resource, including rubber, tin, magnesium, aluminum, gold, silver, potatoes, cotton, citrus fruits, beef, cowhide, leather, iron ore, cotton-seed oil, soy beans, granite, marble, coal, petroleum, natural gas, casing-head gas, fabricated gas, timber, rare and semi-precious stones, tomatoes, watermelons, canteloupes, sage, red peppers, beans, peas, concrete and asphalt mixtures, water, books, libraries, schools, and people that it could easily exist and prosper as an independent nation, with complete autonomy. Five Indian nations so existed in only the eastern part of the state, even before the state resources were suspected.

And when you have got a state as rich as that and a population that had only a comical or disrespectful view of political jobholders, something is in the air.

I think that, in time, they are going to make all their elected candidates serve them, and serve no special interests including their own, according to the Constitution of the nation and of the state. And that will be a triumph for democracy.

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THE IDEA OF HAPPINESS IN THE MODERN WORLD

(*Continued from page 4*)

sarily bring with it more happiness, is not accepted and the whole trend of American civilization is determined by the belief that happiness is indeed a function of progress.

Without going into a futile philosophical or moral discussion of what happiness means (the only word, said someone, that corresponds to nothing at all) it would appear that one of the great achievements of American civilization is to have created and kept alive the faith of the people in the practical possibility of achieving more happiness by a positive and constructive effort of the community. In so doing they have also solved effectively the embarrassing problem which for so many centuries baffled the Christian world: the moral conflict arising from the incompatibility between the enjoyment of life and the pursuit of one's own salvation. When President Hoover promised two cars in every garage, nobody accused him of immorality. What did appear immoral in fact was the failure of Mr. Hoover to make his promise come true. There is room for any type of religious or moral reformer in America except one: Saint Francis of Assisi.

That the concept of happiness and that of progress have been merged into one has had as a further consequence the nearly complete elimination of the opposition between the spiritual and the material. According to the current American viewpoint, any material improvement entails automatically a spiritual one and vice versa. The uncomfortable suspicion that although man can and does improve his material surroundings and his body but does not improve his mind, may trouble at times the sleep of the philosophically minded, but such is not, by and large, the popular belief.

There are so many manifestations of this belief in every day life that I can give here only a few examples: The American faith in the benefits of education as a means of collective and self-improvement is so absolute that it can be said that no other nation spends so much time per capita in trying to solve, through learning, some problems which in other times and other lands have been left to individual initiative or which have been left out of the field of education altogether. I am not referring here to the education given in the schools and colleges, but to the fabulous amount of books, magazine articles, lectures, radio talks, etc., which purport to teach the adults of both sexes such subjects as the art of being happily married, of making friends and influencing people, of becoming successful, of thinking, etc. Not that such pseudo-educational enterprise or quack advice is particularly harmful. But it is revealing of the belief of a very large public in the possibility of solving practically all conceivable human difficulties by the same methods as one gets a tooth filled or a

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They Tell No Tales

by Manning Coles

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YALE

★ ★

The Criminal Record

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER MEETS MEPHISTO *Queena Mario* (Dutton: $2.)	Basso poisoned during production of "Faust." Dresser later slain. Asst. conductor "solves" it.	Operatic chatter amusing and of considerable interest, but plot leaves much to be desired.	Not so good
ROUGH ON RATS *William Francis* (Morrow: $2.)	California hotel murder and supplementary fatalities keep private detective Anthony Martin busy.	Plot adequately developed, altho' much like lot of other tales of this type. Action and dialog carry it through.	Good tough 'un
NO MATCH FOR MURDER *Jean Francis Webb* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Death cuts down polo players in posh Long Island colony. Ex-reporter and regular detective share sleuthing honors.	Polo playing scenes well done and murder methods are interesting. Unravelling of plot somewhat confusing and long drawn out.	Average
MURDER OUT YONDER *Stewart Holbrook* (Macmillan: $3.50)	Factual stories of murders in American hinterland, including many hitherto known only to regional yarnspinners.	Classic crimes re-told and some new ones added in volume that boils with thrills, horror, and back-woods humor.	Excellent
LADY IN DANGER *Susannah Shane* (Dodd, Mead & Co.: $2.)	Poisoned pancakes prelude to epidemic of murder amongst cast of 20 year old motion picture. Chris Saxe does enthusiastic sleuthing.	Emotional and exciting workout of rather elderly motive for mass murder. People interesting and action plentiful, although somewhat involved.	Good grade
THE BACH FESTIVAL MURDERS *Blanche Bloch* (Harpers: $2.)	Composer-conductor poisoned at party in American town where orchestral rivalries rage. Another musiker perishes and Insp. Wilkins is much confused.	Jealousy, thwarted ambition, and emotional tangles move to fortissimo climax in cleverly concocted and well told tale with knowledgeable musical background.	Good

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car repaired. Extended to a larger sphere, it explains also and confirms the American faith in some political, social, and economic formula by which the ills of the world could be cured once and for all.

In another field, that of health, one recognizes the same tendency to believe that the progress of the human mind is intimately dependent on the improvement of health and hygiene. The old Latin saying *mens sana in corpore sano* is certainly part of the American credo, but it has been extended and improved in the sense that physical health and the outward perfection of the human body have become aims in themselves on the assumption that the mind and even the soul cannot but benefit indefinitely from a progressive elimination of the ills and imperfections which affect the human species.

The Greeks showed an analogous interest in health and beauty and in the athletic aspect of man. In fact, they deified the human body. But what is typical of the American point of view on this subject is that it is in no way pagan. There is no cult of human beauty nor even of health. What sustains the immense efforts made for the furtherance of medicine and the beauty parlor is not only the desire to alleviate suffering and to satisfy vanity, but the conviction of serving the future of the race as a whole. Here again we find a materialistic objective justified by and merged with a moral end.

The identification of the notions of happiness with the faith in progress has strengthened the belief that happiness on earth is not only attainable but that one can measure the advance toward this goal. Material progress can usually be computed in terms of statistics, and if it is assumed that more progress means more happiness, it follows that happiness can be weighed quantitatively. If fewer people die of pneumonia this year than last, if more people have radios this year than last, progress has been accomplished and this progress can be measured accurately. By inference the amount of happiness can also be measured, and although philosophers and moralists have argued for centuries to prove that individual happiness was totally independent of material circumstances, the American viewpoint and the American way of life formally deny their conclusions.

In regard to the present crisis and the war in particular, the American faith in constant improvement of mankind has produced many strange contradictions and insoluble mental conflicts. For instance, many spokesmen of public opinion have frequently expressed the idea, ever since the war started, that the reason why American opinion had been lethargic for so long in the presence of a recognized danger and so hesitant to make the necessary sacrifices to ensure victory, was the fear that the peace would not offer anything much better to humanity in general, and to the United States in particular, than had already been achieved. The Americans, it was argued, could not be convinced of the validity of this war until it could be demonstrated to them that they were fighting for a *better* world.

What this better world is to be varies according to individual ideas, but there appears to be a consensus that to defeat Nazi Germany is not enough. In the same manner as Wilson, in 1917, suggested a "peace without victory," which implied the triumph of a moral concept, contemporary Americans would like some sort of guarantee that this second world war has, as its ultimate purpose, not the defeat of the enemy, but the establishment of more justice and more prosperity for all (including the enemy). War, in other words, which means the conflict of force regardless of all considerations save defeat of one side by the other, cannot be accepted by the Americans for what it is. In spite of the realization that the very existence of America as a nation is at stake in this struggle, the waging of war must be presented as a means of furthering human progress, and not as a brutal necessity. War, in fact, must be integrated in the American concept of things, which implies that everything must, somehow or other, serve the progress of humanity.

Even the fatalists who believed that Hitlerism and the rise of German imperialism should not be resisted because this is the "wave of the future" did not renounce their fundamental American optimism. Quite the contrary. In fact their "fatalism" was bolstered up and justified by a firm belief that nothing can happen which does not eventually further the good of humanity and its happiness on earth. Thus the recommendation that one should abandon oneself to the "wave of the future," far from being the expression of a philosophy of nonresistance to a possibility dangerous fate, was merely a blind act of faith in the future. Those who adopted this attitude did not believe that Hitlerism was a good thing in itself. In fact they professed to loathe it. But being imbued by American idealism, they could not accept that even evil should not, by some obscure way, finally serve the cause of good.

This article forms a portion of a chapter in Raoul de Roussy de Sales's new book, "The Making of Tomorrow."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Edmund Spenser: The Faerie Queene.
2. W. S. Gilbert: The Pirates of Penzance.
3. William Cullen Bryant: March.
4. William Watson: Song to April
5. John Milton: Song on a May Morning.
6. James Russell Lowell: Vision of Sir Launfal.
7. Susan Hartley Swett: July.
8. Christina Rossetti: A Year's Windfalls.
9. Edgar A. Guest: It's September.
10. Bliss Carman: A Vagabond Song.
11. Thomas Hood: No.
12. John Greenleaf Whittier: Snow-Bound.

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Looking at California

CARL P. ROLLINS

In this grim struggle we are not going to come through in the last resort merely because we have tanks and aeroplanes; we are going to come through because we have courage and ideas and faith and intelligence; and for all those we need books. Books are, in fact, weapons of war.—LORD ELTON.

*The Boys in the Back Room.**

THE "boys" are James M. Cain, John O'Hara, William Saroyan, Hans Otto Storm, and John Steinbeck. The critic sitting in judgment is Edmund Wilson. And he does a good job, especially in his epilogue, "Facing the Pacific." If not, in the words of the publishers' blurb, "the strongest literary medicine the West has ever had to take," (!) it is a considered summary of the effect of the West Coast on its ablest writers by an Eastern critic unbedeviled by Los Angeles and not bemused by San Francisco Bay. Lest I be accused of trying to usurp Mr. Wilson's job as a literary critic, let me say that the printing of the book is good: a thin volume has been given style and substance without pomposity.

McTeague.

The present edition of Frank Norris's novel of San Francisco is a somewhat oversize printing. But it is well proportioned as to type face and margins, and despite its size a pleasant book to read. The chapter head decorations by Otis Oldfield seem a little light in line for the type page, but the volume as a whole is a well balanced book. The text of the first edition has been reprinted, as it was before Mrs. Grundy forced out of it a very minor offense against Victorianism. The binding is in buckram back and paper board sides. The book doesn't quite measure up to what it set out to do—which is a pity, for it comes so close.

THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM. By Edmund Wilson. San Francisco: Colt Press. 1941. $2.50. 1,500 copies.
McTEAGUE. By Frank Norris. San Francisco: Colt Press. $15. 500 copies

RECENT BIBLIOGRAPHIES

Bliss Carman.

Carman once wrote "When good Napoleon's publisher was dangled from a limb, He should have had an editor on either side of him." This well printed little volume could have had more intelligent bibliographical treatment; the Introduction hardly does justice to the memory of one of America's finest lyricists; and the distinction between Mr. Morse's own extensive collection of Carman and the general bibliographical list is not always kept clearly indicated. There are four portraits and a facsimile, some fugitive verses and letters, and two indexes. Any book which will for a moment revive the memory of Carman and Hovey is to be welcomed.

Harry Castlemon.

Almost the best thing in this excellent bibliography is Harry Castlemon's nephew's statement in the Preface: "I think perhaps he was the most human specimen our family has produced." To write so many familiar and favorite boys' books implies that he knew boys and what they like. Gee whiz! who doesn't remember "Frank on the Lower Mississippi," or "The Sportsmans Club in the Saddle," or others of the dozens of books which Charles Austin Fosdick wrote, under the pen name of Harry Castlemon between 1865 and 1902? Bibliography *means* something when it treats of a real feller like Castlemon! One's boyhood is quickly over, but not the memory of Columbia bicycles, the *Youth's Companion,* and Harry Castlemon!

Seriously, however, Mr. Blanck has done an interesting job in his list of Castlemon's books. And he has included, along with indexes and chronologies, various contributions from those who knew Harry Castlemon or read his books, and pictures of the wretched material housings of the immortal tales. It has all the earmarks of an admirable tool for bibliographers

*Early Military Books.**

If warfare is antithetical to all the arts of peace, it cannot function without some of those arts—a paradox which the militarists disdain to consider. The provision of military manuals, for instance, has been a minor activity of the press from the start—the first book on military science included in this collection having been issued in 1493. Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Karpinski have listed 372 books on the subject printed before 1800 and now in the University of Michigan Libraries. They have pictured the title pages of well over a hundred, the reproductions being in collotype. The printing is excellently done as a small folio—in fact it is an unusually acceptable exhibition catalogue in permanent form.

TWO YEARS OF PRINT

The current issue of *Print* (numbers 3-4) completes the second year of a brisk, readable little magazine which occupies a place all its own in the pandemonic profusion of American publications. It set out to be a friendly, intelligent purveyor of information about the graphic arts, and it accepted that term in a broad and genial way. It had no scorn for wall-paper, it has welcomed wood engravings, etchings, letter press, and old-fashioned lithography with the same easy grace that it has accepted the silk-screen, offset, or "color-collotype" processes. It has not been smug (though it has sometimes been a little juvenile as befits its tender years), and it has provided variety. Its cover designs have been, on the whole, atrocious, although the current cover is a pleasant drawing of *Print's* own offices. It accomplished one real triumph in its wood engraving of Mr.

BLISS CARMAN BIBLIOGRAPHY. By William I. Morse. Windham, Conn.: Hawthorn House. 1941. 150 copies.
HARRY CASTLEMON, BOYS' OWN AUTHOR. Compiled by Jacob Blanck. New York: Bowker. 1941. $5. 750 copies.
EARLY MILITARY BOOKS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARIES. By Thomas M. Spaulding and Louis C. Karpinski. Ann Arbor: Univ. of Mich. Press. $2.

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Lehmann-Haupt by Fritz Eichenberg. It has provided a quarterly assortment of news items about the graphic arts not available elsewhere. And it has sought, with some measure of success, to record activities in foreign fields. We have art magazines, and we have scientific journals galore, but since the days of *Printing Art*, which was in its glory between 1903 and 1910, we have had nothing comparable to *Print*. In fact, nothing at all like it. It deserves a prosperous future.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH DE LUXE

There has lately appeared a special edition de luxe of "Science and Health," the official text-book of Christian Science, which, because of some rather extravagant claims made for it in the announcement circular, and because the idea back of its publication was to produce an unusually fine book, warrants a brief consideration of the volume.

It is an elaborately designed book. The finest hand made paper, from the Batchelor mills in England, has been used, and there is none better. The binding is blue morocco, with bind stamping. The book is a large quarto, nearly three inches thick, making an imposing appearance. But to claim that this book can be placed "with the finest Bibles in the world" is to make an assertion which will be difficult to prove.

The designer has made use of an interesting type face created some forty years ago for a really interesting edition of the "Triumphs of Petrarch," and then called the Humanistic type. Slightly modified, and cut for the monotype composing machine, and renamed Laurentian, it derives from the Italian humanistic manuscripts. It is a little too literal a copy, and used within the rigid canons of typography it does not maintain its superb qualities. As used in the Petrarch, it was adapted to display headings by the use of capital letters widely letter-spaced, and accompanied by simple gold initials at the chapter openings. In the case of "Science and Health" this satisfactory arrangement has been abandoned for a very clumsy, hand-drawn display letter, and initials too small and printed in black. The result is a loss of dignity and fitness. The margins to the type pages are out of the ordinary, and not too pleasing. And a very disagreeable feature of the book is the over-emphasis of the deckle edges, which protrude awkwardly—at least in the volume which I have seen.

The book sells at one hundred dollars a copy, is a disappointing performance, especially when one considers the excellent materials which have gone into its manufacture.

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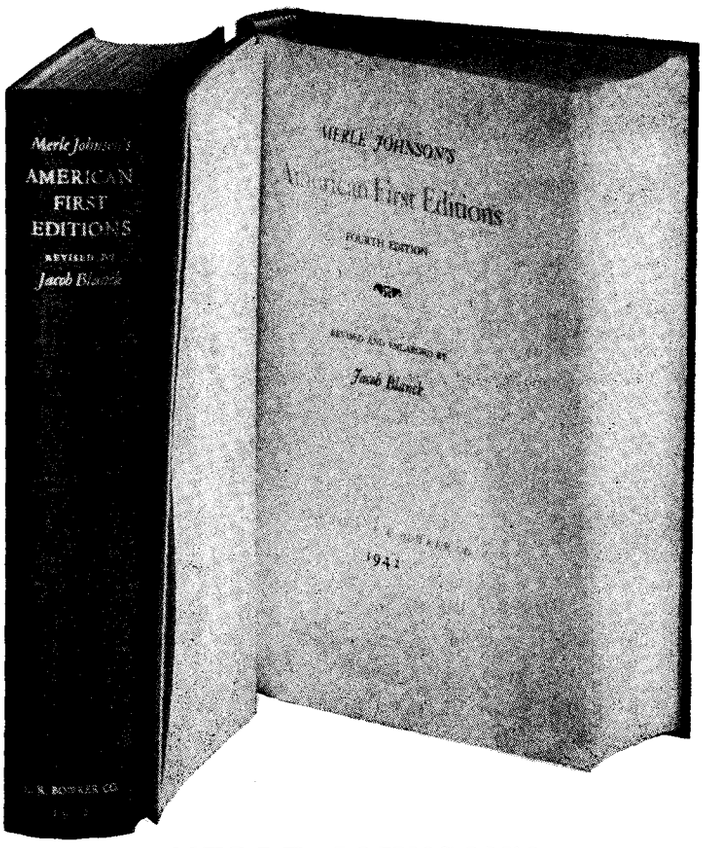

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Mathematical Equation

(1) The Soldiers want mail . . . . . they're lonesome

plus

(2) The *SRL* has readers in all camps

equals

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The Crostics Club

AS some of you may know, Gelett Burgess is a gourmet in words as well as in foods and wines. One of my most precious possessions is a little red-covered volume inscribed to me recently with the colophon of his "purple cow" days, captioned "Short Words are Words of Might." In a chat about my double-crostics not long ago he greeted me with, "I know at least one thing about their making. You are addicted to slang."

"I am not," I said emphatically, "but Webster's is." Every other expression I need is labelled "slang" or "colloq." Why, I was brought up by Victorian language-purists. In fact, I recall vividly a family practice, borrowed from a story in *St. Nicholas*, in which each of us wore a string of white wooden beads replaced gradually by black ones, for slang used in table conversation. But *slang* seems to have had a different connotation in my girlhood. Today my beads would be extra long and ultra black and I shouldn't be ashamed of them, either!

Recently I used in a Double-Crostic for Series 13 the word *sosh*. (It helped use up a ubiquitous *h*!) Webster defines *sosh* as "a jag, as 'to have a sosh on,' drunk, intoxicated." The word *jag*, however, used in the above definition is "a 'load' of liquor enough to make one noticeably drunk, esp. in the phrase 'to have a jag on,' to be drunk. Slang U.S."

Sosh is authorized; *jag* is slang.

It grows "curioser and curioser."

To continue along the same line, why is the word *nincompoop*, a simpleton, not listed as slang, or *moonshine*, nonsense, not listed as slang?

Tow-row is colloq. Why isn't gewgaw? (Incidentally, I recall a protest from a college professor at the use of that "horrid" word *tow-row* in one of my puzzles!)

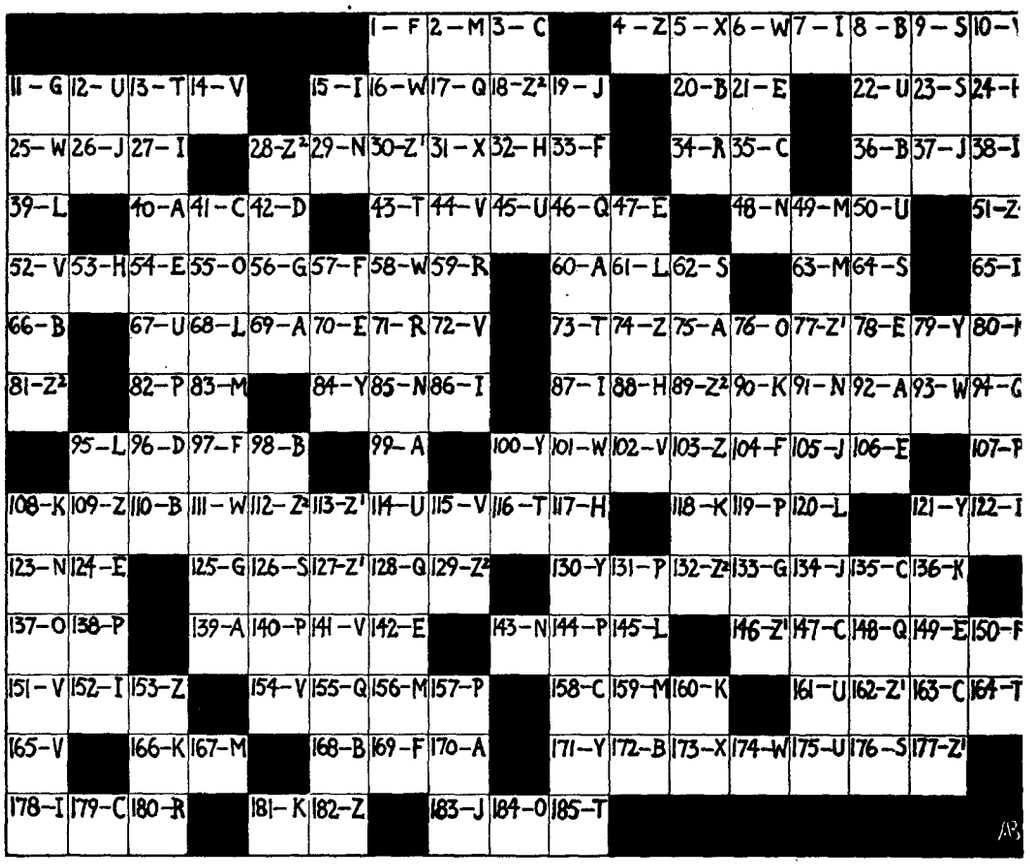
Some of you are familiar with my use of *otherest*, defined as *most unlike*. It's a handy word to use up an *h* in a word beginning with *o*. Emerson, according to Webster's is the source. Why should that one use hand it down to us as authorized? Did you ever hear of it outside of puzzledom?

I'm not asking for a defense of my use of slang. The essay from which D.C. No. 410 is taken comes to my rescue as does many another on the subject. In all seriousness I repeat,

What constitutes *slang?*

N.B. Some letters received will be quoted in this column in next week's issue.

E. S. K.



DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 412

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-eight words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Boasting, bragging.

B. One extreme to another (used with *from;* 3 wds.)

C. Headdress of metal band in statues of divinities (Gr. antiq.)

D. Vale from which Pluto carried Proserpina to Hades.

E. Bickers; is petty or trivial.

F. Spear-shaped.

G. Discord, daughter of Ares (Gr.)

H. Patron St. of Wales.

I. Battle between Lee and McClellan (Sept. 17, 1862).

J. Given name of the American poet of *The Congo* (1879-1931).

K. Covered with small specks of color (zool.)

L. Andromache's "great-hearted" father.

M. Well done, **brava!**

N. Aboriginal Caucasoid people of Southern China.

O. She was won by Hercules in an archery contest.

P. Feast of Weeks or Pentecost (Jewish relig.)

Q. The bract of the Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

R. With *fixé* a recurring theme in music (Berlioz).

S. Umpires (noun).

T. Natives of the Upper Nile region.

U. Battle-field of the Titans against Jupiter.

V. Rigorous to an excessive degree.

W. English novelist (1828-1909).

X. Ancient Italian Goddess of the Harvest (Rom. relig.)

Y. One of the Canterbury Pilgrims (the sailor).

Z. Connoting London houses of resort by 18th Century writers.

Z-1. He slew his mother to avenge the murder of his father (Gr.)

Z-2. First novel Scott wrote.

WORDS

139	99	92	40	60	69	75	170
20	172	168	36	66	98	8	110
35	158	3	147	41	163	179	135
42	65	96	38				
54	47	142	106	124	21	149	70	78
169	57	150	1	33	97	104		
133	56	125	11					
88	53	24	32	117				
87	86	27	15	178	152	122	7	
134	183	105	37	26	19			
166	80	136	181	108	90	118	160	
120	145	39	95	68	61			
167	2	49	63	156	83	159		
48	85	91	143	123	29			
137	55	184	76					
138	119	82	107	140	131	157	144	
94	148	128	46	155	17			
34	180	59	71					
23	62	126	176	64	9			
73	13	185	116	164	43			
12	114	175	22	161	45	67	50	
115	52	165	102	141	154	72	151	14	44
6	101	174	93	16	25	58	111		
5	173	31							
171	130	10	100	84	79	121			
4	109	103	182	74	153				
146	113	127	30	162	177	77			
132	18	89	112	28	129	51	81		

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TRADE WINDS

REMEMBER last week's editorial calling upon our readers to form a *Saturday Review Family* by sending books to us which will be forwarded to the Victory Book Campaign for use by the men in the armed services? Interested in knowing the name of the first member of the Family to contribute books? He is F.P.A.—sometimes known as Franklin P. Adams—who came into the office with an armful of books so soon after the issue appeared that he had to tell the receptionist what it was all about.

☞To repeat: the *SRL* will gladly act as a receiving depot for all books contributed to our soldiers and sailors. All that we ask is that our readers send *good* books—books that they themselves have kept because they were eminently worth reading. There has been too much of a disposition to contribute books as though this were a good opportunity to get rid of a junk-pile. Address your books to the Victory Book Campaign, *Saturday Review Family,* 25 West 45th Street. Postage is only one and one-half cents per pound. Mark "Books" plainly on your wrapper.

☞Publishers must think we are a race of muscle men. We have come to this conclusion because we are "bed-readers" and our favorite reading is the anthology. The point is that many of the better anthologies are too cumbersome and heavy to handle with any kind of comfort or ease. Many of them must weigh more than three pounds and in our moments of complete exhaustion seem to weigh closer to ten. Two of our favorite "bedreaders" are "The Books of Charles Fort," and "The Bedside Book of Famous British Stories."

☞We would like to suggest to publishers some lightweight bedside editions in anthologies, and since paper conservation is a matter of much importance these days, perhaps the idea could be linked to war necessity. How about a good series of lightweight books—let us say, "A Bedreader Series"? It could be divided into two classifications—one to be called "Wakers," the other, "Sleepers." In the "Waker" series we would publish horror material, detective stories, and the general gamut from mayhem to murder, while in the "Sleeper" group would be the gentle verse of poets, the smooth rhythmic prose of Stevenson and Pater.

★ ★

☞Raymond T. Bond's article, "Reach for an Adjective," in last week's issue of the *Review,* pays a warm tribute to "a gentlemannered, soft-spoken man." We are going to hazard a guess as to his identity. Any man who has been so actively engaged in the book business for so many years as he has been, and who is as widely respected for his many skills in helping to sell books and write about books as he is, ought to come out from behind his reams of copy paper, book jackets, and galley sheets, and take a bow. We are sure Mr. Bond will not mind if we guess the gentleman to be a member of Denhard, Pfeiffer & Wells, a leading advertising agency for many book publishers.

★ ★

☞In that sprightly *Thoreau Newsletter* of January that is gotten up by Raymond Adams of Chapel Hill, we are much amused by some brief verse that was prompted from a catalogue notation concerning a Thoreau first edition. The item is humorously merchandised on a "postcard" saying: "Spending A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS with H. D. Thoreau. Wish you were here.—P. S. What are you spending?" and suggests that for $125, Goodspeed's will sell you an 1849 week. But says the editor of the *Newsletter,* "If copies of Thoreau 'firsts' are to be tossed off that way, we may expect the next "dodger" to be in verse as follows:

We have limited firsts and unlimited verse
Of authors no longer alive;
But of Thoreau's great WEEK your purchase we seek
At a hundred and twenty-five.

★ ★

☞Two notable achievements in the book publishing field for 1942 are the anniversaries of two great publishing institutions. Harpers celebrates its 125th birthday and Lippincott its 150th.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

A New Kind of Book!

THE JAZZ RECORD BOOK

by Charles E. Smith with Frederic Ramsey, Jr., William Russell and Charles Payne Rogers

The majority of music lovers are apt to look upon jazz as a series of eccentric noises made by feverish individuals on instruments ill-suited for their use. In recent years, however, hot music has been accepted by a rapidly growing group of addicts as an important expression of a distinctive form of American art, and today we are no longer amazed to find a jam session in Carnegie Hall.

THE JAZZ RECORD BOOK is the first comprehensive, authoritative guide to jazz music. The fifty thousand word text describes the origin, development and technique of jazz, and it is followed by a list of more than 1,000 jazz records to illustrate the text. It is the perfect introduction to jazz.

515 pages index bibliography $3.50

Smith & Durrell **New York City**

SUPPORT THE VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 411)

ALICE MEYNELL:
THE VISITING SEA

You see the happy shore, wave-trimmed,
But know not of the quiet dimmed
Rivers your coming floods and fills,
The little pools mid happier hills,
My silent rivulets, over-brimmed.
. . . . . .
and, when you go
There's loveliness in loneliness.

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